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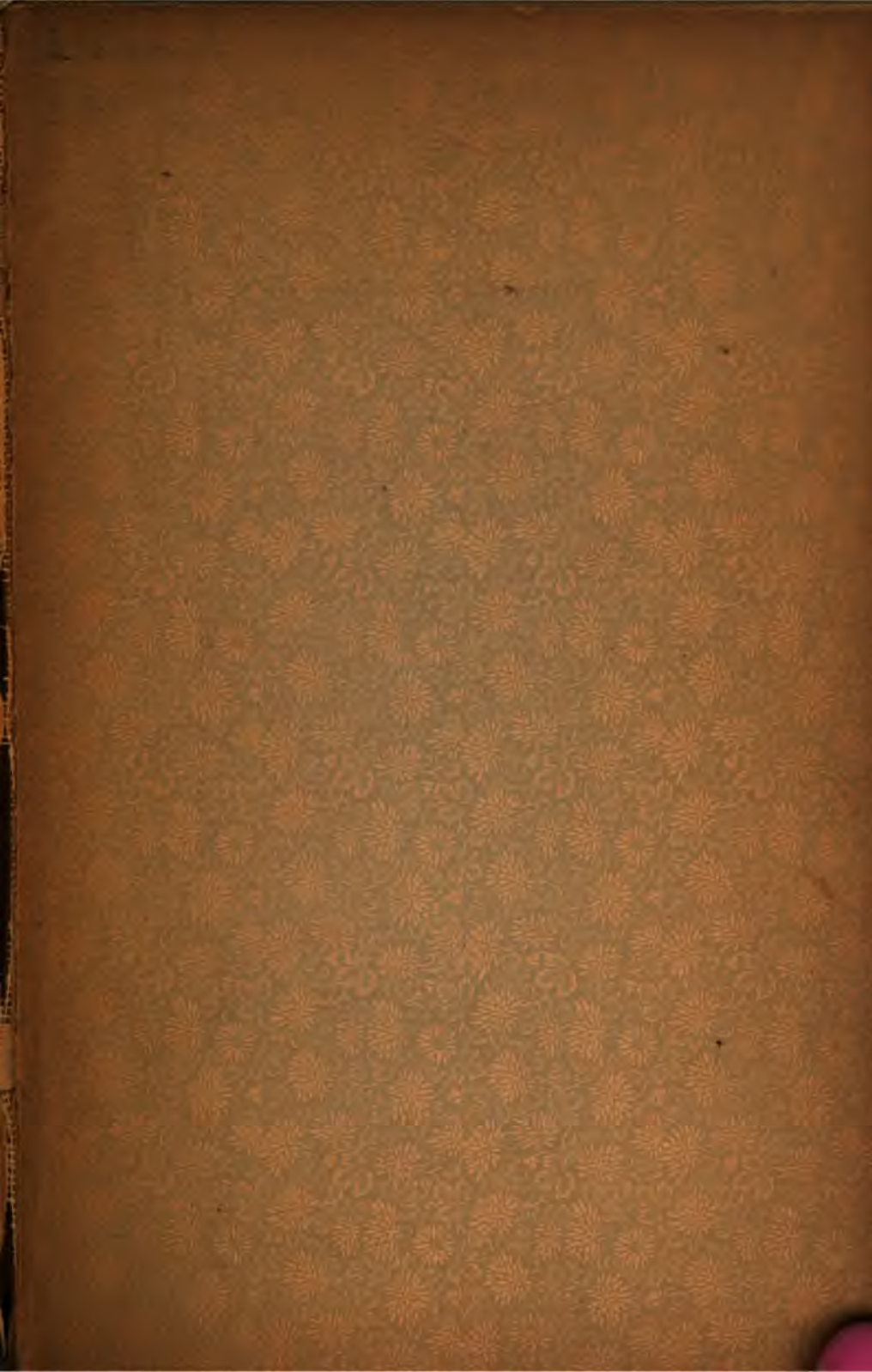
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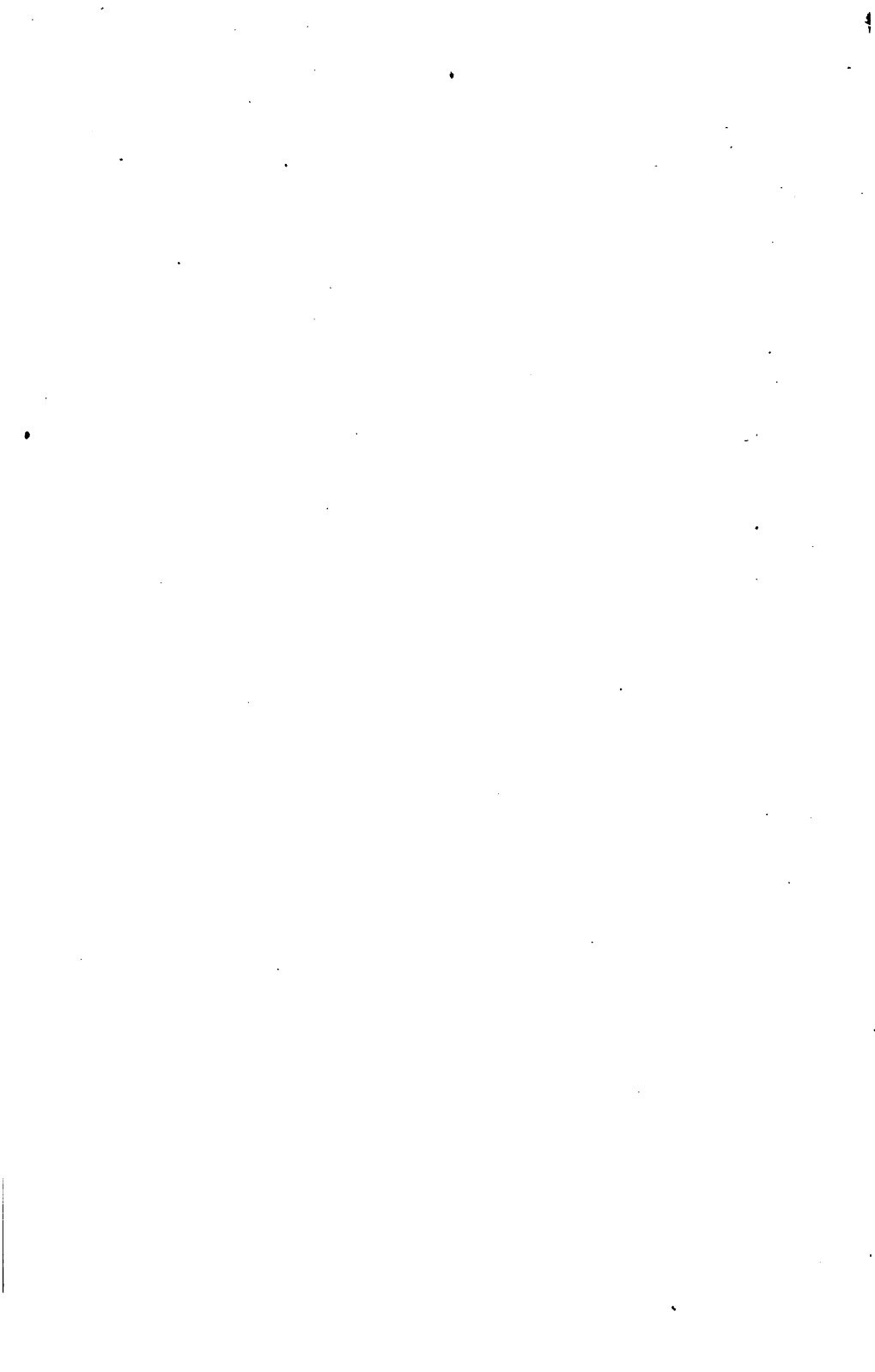




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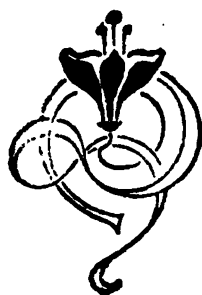
CHARLOTTE HANBURY.

CHARLOTTE COTTE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY ★ ★

EDITED BY HER NIECE ★ ★

MRS. CHARLOTTE COTTE ★ ★



London

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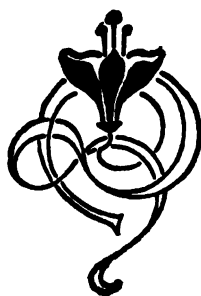
Paternoster Row

1901



Thomas C. Co. Richmond
1870-1871

CHARLOTTE SANBURY
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY ★ ★
EDITED BY HER NIECE ★ ★
MRS. ALBERT BEAD ★ ★



London
MARSHALL BROTHERS
Paternoster Row
1901



BUTLER & TANNER,
THE SELWOOD PRINTING WORKS,
FROME, AND LONDON.

INTRODUCTORY

WHEN we first had the shock of learning that my beloved Aunt Charlotte Hanbury was suffering from an incurable malady, and that her happy, useful, vigorous life on earth must very soon be ended, it was my joy and privilege to be set free to be with her during much of the three months that remained to her.

Confined to one room, sitting in a chair day and night, as she was unable to lie down, she interested herself in going over many scenes and incidents of her past history, I writing them down at her dictation. I was very glad to find that she had already written some reminiscences of her travels, friends, and work—the many things which filled her life with interest and enjoyment, and had given her opportunities of spreading blessing and sunshine into other lives, especially those of the most hopeless and oppressed.

It is a simple narrative, — I might almost say a jumble, — of events, countries, people, sayings and thoughts, with no pretension to literary skill, but put down in her own fresh, breezy and peculiar style, which

those who corresponded with her knew so well, and would prefer to have unaltered.

She had often been asked to make some record of her very varied experiences, and the kind letters received from her large circle of friends have led us to decide on publishing this short memoir, assured that it will at any rate interest the many who knew and loved her.

It was written in scraps, her recollections grouping themselves around persons and countries, with no attempt at chronological order ; but with the help of our own memories, and of occasional diaries which we have found since she went Home, I have endeavoured to give some connection to the story.

I must add how deeply I am indebted to my dear friend Miss E. Boyd Bayly, Author of *Jonathan Merle*, etc., for her sympathy and practical help in fulfilling this sacred trust, especially in selecting and arranging the extracts from the Diary in the second, fourth and sixth chapters.

CAROLINE HEAD

CORRIE LODGE, WIMBLEDON.

March 1st, 1901.

PREFACE TO AUTOBIOGRAPHY

ACQUAINTANCES so urged my recording notes of past years: I slowly assented, while aware of their unavoidably being imperfectly thrown together, and partly left unfinished, owing to unexpected and fatal illness.

CHARLOTTE HANBURY

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I	
CHILDHOOD	I
CHAPTER II	
GIRLHOOD	11
CHAPTER III	
EARLY TRAVELS	42
CHAPTER IV	
HOME LIFE	56
CHAPTER V	
GERMANY	74
CHAPTER VI	
THE BLACKDOWN HILLS	81
CHAPTER VII	
MEN AND WOMEN	95
CHAPTER VIII	
ITALY AND SWITZERLAND	126

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER IX	
THE CAPTAIN	140
CHAPTER X	
FRANCE	144
CHAPTER XI	
USHANT, SPAIN AND GIBRALTAR	158
CHAPTER XII	
VOYAGES	169
CHAPTER XIII	
MOROCCO	176
CHAPTER XIV	
LAST ILLNESS	204
CHAPTER XV	
CONCLUSION	223

I

CHILDHOOD

"**I** SHOULD like to be fresh like a child when I am old," is carelessly said, without a thought of how it may be ensured. When we find this freshness filling the years of the aged, it singularly spreads pleasure to others around.

Thus in the life of Mr. R. C. Chapman : at ninety-six we see him well and increasingly joyous, and the centre of animation and interest among the numerous staying guests by whom he delights to be surrounded.

My dear mother, in her hundred and fifth year, had all the mental powers of her young days, with their vivid pleasure and sympathies ; composing verses and continuing the wide influence of her life with new joy and vigour.

Mr. Isaac Sharp, after he was eighty-eight, travelled extensively in Europe and in the East, his lively conversation and overflowing spirits making him increasingly a pleasure to others, until his course ended in his ninety-second year.

Cannot we continue to have vigorous health,

and, even more, the delicious overflow we had as children, when to live was enjoyment?

When the young years of life are past it is a foreshadowing of heaven to have joys becoming deeper, hopes brighter, and a heart more happy than in all the heyday of life's springtime and its stream of enjoyment. The sunshine of the presence of God is more soul-filling; His love and the glorious eternity in His fulness of joy, soon to be ours, make days of heaven upon earth and, in addition, are the delightful memories of a long life; and the harvest on every side through His having made it useful, all filled with thanksgiving to Himself, and a sunny gladness in Him—fulfilling, even now, the Divine purpose of entire happiness to His people. These most beautiful realities abound to us in unmeasured overflow. What a lovely thing it is to wake at night so delighting in Him and in the thoughts He inspires of His grace, that the sleepless hours are times of thrilling joy and refreshment!

It was a great boon when a little child to be in an atmosphere of warm, stirring interests among those who were generous-hearted, delighting in the welfare of others, and who were very happy in the love of God. I was a charmed listener at my father's table to his conversations with notable visitors, absorbed in their beautiful spirit long before I could understand their great subjects. When guests arrived unexpectedly, finding no one

at home to receive them, my excellent nursemaid would entreat me to go to the drawing-room, trying to dissipate my reluctance, and leading me to the door, where I too well knew I might or might *not* like the visitor—enduring or enjoying, as the case might be. If our Syrian friend, Dr. Asaad Kayat, came it was a great pleasure—though when he took me on his knee, saying, “Would you not like to teach the poor Syrian women to read?” I was afraid. It was too rude to say no, but if I said yes, I thought I must go to Syria and teach the women, and I would not leave my parents and brothers.

William Allen, our grandfather by marriage, brought closely among us a torrent of benevolent and Christian work. He gave his help to the excellent of all countries, and he also induced them to help him. He was the friend and executor of the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria’s father. In his study one became familiar with his intercourse with kings and governors on every side. When his letters to foreign lands were finished, sealed with his great seal, and consigned to the care of black Tommy, the freed negro servant, Grandpapa would talk with me so kindly in his lovely, gentle voice; I delighted in his study and fireside. On his receiving a visit from Lord Brougham, he wished that I should come in: a dear little cousin was to accompany me, but she cried with alarm over going to see the great statesman, so I went

alone and found them sitting by the lamps, absorbed in earnest converse. They stopped their useful work, Lord Brougham speaking kindly as I glided up, Grandfather saying, "Oh, here is my dear little granddaughter." The two faces were very interesting; though I was but a little child they gave the instant impression of their different lives—one so great in mental power, the other in active benevolence and heavenly-mindedness.

When Thomas Clarkson was his guest, our grandfather asked my brother and me to dinner, an invitation coming at the same time from an aunt, to join her in a long drive to Chiswick flower show. This was very attractive, but I much preferred meeting the good visitor with Grandfather, and still remember his tall figure and general air and conversation, his frilled shirt and pleasant bearing, and his kindly writing for me lines on behalf of slaves.

The self-forgetting occupations of dear grandfather's life went out in great good results to numbers of people. My father and brother helped in them, and we all sympathized. I have seldom travelled in any country in later times, but some persons mentioned having been thankfully associated in some degree with William Allen.

Indeed, how much benefit was spread around us through his most useful life it would be impossible to say. So practical was his feeling against slavery, that for a long number of years he would not touch

sugar because it was not to be obtained by free labour.

Our mother warmly shared in these excellent works of William Allen and Sir Fowell Buxton, Clarkson and Elizabeth Fry; indeed, she caught their spirit and it prevailed in her home, and visitors were often delighted to be brought into it.

Our grandmother—Mrs. Capel Hanbury—(whose maiden name was Charlotte Bell) had several remarkable sisters. One became Priscilla Wakefield, one Mrs. John Gurney, of Earlham, one Mrs. Thomas Hankin, of Stansted, and another Mrs. John Hanbury.

The writings of Priscilla Wakefield had a great influence in those days among young people, and her grandson, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, took an important part in the early colonization of New Zealand. Her daughter, Isabella, married Mr. Joshua Head, of Ipswich.

Mrs. J. Gurney, of Earlham, soon had a family growing up with so much of spiritual and benevolent life that their influence was constantly extending.

When we were children, hearing of the acts of kindness of Elizabeth Fry and her brothers was a continual interest in our home. Sometimes our father would say, "Cousin Betsy is coming tomorrow." This was a great delight. Her loving words and beautiful ways and sweet voice made an endless impression on children, and when we went

and stayed at Earlham, the house of her brother, Joseph John Gurney, the same impressions filled every day. When we walked among the shady trees listening to his account of friends who had stayed with him in whose company he delighted, Chalmers and Simeon and others, I was charmed, and caught the idea of also having visitors if ever in quiet country life; an idea vigorously followed out years after. Earlham was a literary home: my brother and I were charmed to pore over the books in the library, and to listen to the conversation full of unfailing interest of Joseph John Gurney; as in many other times among the dear Gurney circle, we came with warm sympathy into their delightful life. The connection also with the Buxtons strengthened every good and great thing, and made a rare centre of active benevolence and Christian life, which continually penetrated our home, either through personal association, or our warm value for this spirit among our cousins and relations.

When eleven years old it was a happy moment in which my father remarked one day, "I should like dear Charlotte to ride." Fond as I was of pet animals and horses, and ready to mount anything, it was the most opportune pleasure, and proved a link afterwards in much happy time and useful life here, and in other lands where fearless riding was a necessity.

In warm summer mornings and evenings my brother and I made long rides early and late, or

at mid-day the pony was ready saddled for me to scamper about the fields and jump the leaping-bar.

About this time the apparent accident of taking up a book made its life-long impression, affecting the lives of many—that history of the unjust suffering of a true hero, “A Prisoner of State”—fixed my resolve some day to help prisoners, and the enthusiasm for those who are innocent or oppressed never diminished.

We were fond of foreigners as children, and grew up with a feeling of consideration for them, because they were strangers away from their own country ; and we had great regard for the poor. If it was a question of paying attention to some one who was nobody, or to another who was great, we should have thought it a dishonourable thing to give chief politeness or care to the important person of high degree, if it in any measure diminished our care for the humbler one. It was a popular story among us that when a young friend was charged to be at home to meet an uncle of important position and wealth, he replied, “I have promised to give this afternoon to —— (an obscure young man) over some scientific subjects, and I must keep to it.” “But your uncle will wish to see you,” was pleaded in vain, he only repeated his answer: “I have made the appointment and must be absent.”

We cannot be too thankful for my father often having said, “If there is anything the children take pleasure in that is not objectionable, I like them to

have it." Thus our special tastes or pursuits were not thwarted, but as far as possible we might follow them out, leaving recollections of sunny young days, full of pleasure, not because of habits of indulgence—far from it; but our home life was happy and healthful and filled with bright interests.

The remembrance is still vivid of my childish desire to see the illuminations and rejoicings in London, in 1837, on the accession of Queen Victoria. But we were living a little way in the country, and I was shy of expressing my wish, so waiting and hoping if possible it still might be realised, my father at last arranged to take me for the whole night, allowing the fullest opportunity for seeing the national display.

From our youngest days our mother surrounded us with happy, interesting occupation, filled with her own cheerfulness and pleasure in what we were doing. Our delightful evenings, when we were still very little, spent over the simplest drawings and games, were the beginning of quiet home enjoyment that was invaluable. Also our habit of sitting with her at the fireside repeating poetry, or listening, charmed, to her long recitations, was an unfailing pleasure. Her lively, amiable way of interesting us in what occupied her life for the good of others outside our home, widened our thoughts and sympathies.

In her youth she helped Mrs. Elizabeth Fry in visiting prisons, and she long continued to carry out

the detail work of reforming the convict-ships for women, besides constantly bestowing kind care on the poor immediately around us. Our father's active benevolence joined with hers brought into our home the strongest influence, which we as children, and ever afterwards, deeply felt.

Our home at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, was a great joy to us children. With overflowing pleasure we often went there, delighting in the beauties of the Island, then rustic and undisturbed.

My father took a warm interest in the good of the people, not a few of whom were smugglers, but he did not so much denounce their wrong-doings as seek to bring better influence and things among them. We shared in all this, and after more than half a century has passed, there continues the same most heartfelt regard from the dear Islanders.

It was almost the greatest happiness of my young days to be the constant companion of my brother Cornelius, whose amiability and varied interests filled our time with unmixed pleasure. Although he was far before me in study, in addition to the teaching of my governess, I joined him in lessons from his tutor, Josiah Richardson, whose enthusiasm over books and their subjects spread to us the same delight, and the influence of his conversations was to me a life-long boon. My brother's special delight in flowers and gardening kept us as companions out of doors.

My twelfth birthday was a turning point as to

decision whether to be willing for the Will of God, whatever it be, or to refuse it. So much hung upon that time—probably it has influenced every day since—when through His goodness I was led to a deep decision for His Will, cost what it might. We must act in these moments in faith without foreseeing. We may trust Him Whose way is perfect, and it is an infinite blessing to fix heartily when young to follow His Will and only His.

It was the greatest blessing of my life that, when a child, God brought home to my heart His love and power and grace, leading me to trustfulness in our Heavenly Father, and to come to Him with all joys and sorrows. I had no qualification for the large blessing He gave, not even a good temper or talents, gifts or powers; but let Him choose our inheritance and form our lives, and He can enable the most inefficient to fulfil His purposes.

On that twelfth birthday, which was spent in their home at Bonchurch, Charlotte's mother gave her a pretty glass of coloured sands from Alum Bay, rather deprecating the smallness of the gift, but she kept it as a treasure through life, in remembrance of that day when the decision to accept God's Will brought such blessing to her, and became the spring of all the peace and happiness of the years that followed.

II

GIRLHOOD

IN 1845, an article by the Earl of Shaftesbury, in the *Quarterly Review*, giving a stirring account of Ragged Schools, aroused my great interest in the subject, and finding our gardener knew a Ragged School within reach, the children in it and their parents became an absorbing interest, involving steady work for the next seven years in the Sunday School and at many other times.

When my brother Cornelius was about eighteen and I was sixteen, his love of botany made him desire to visit the mountains and the Lake District, and we started together for the most charming journey in every respect. All was somewhat primitive in those days in these remote places. Wishing to cross Windermere to the Friends' Meeting in a village on the other side, he simply rowed the boat over, tying it up for the day until we returned, the friends with whom we dined exclaiming, "Why, you are very young travellers!" But my brother's care then, and in all after years, was ample.

When accompanying my brother William, we frequently came into some perilous adventure.

On the coast of the Isle of Wight, wishing to go to a neighbouring town, he engaged some sailors with their boat which was already somewhat heavily laden, but with a calm sea we went safely. Shortly, however, a strong breeze arose. Our sailors grew ashy pale as our narrow little rowing boat flew before a boisterous east wind, the sea pouring over us so heavily, their greatest efforts to bale it out were too slow. They hurried off every boot for baling as the little skiff dashed and bumped through the waves. Well knowing the high sea was too great, we could only ask of God and trust in Him to keep us afloat; and the calm of His presence and love in the sharp cold, and the drenching, and the peril, was according to all His promises. Though our too heavily weighted little boat cut through the waves we were still kept from sinking, and, driven by the gale, swung round at last to the only available harbour, never to forget the reality of coming in heart to Him Who invites us thus to come at all times.

Shocks of this kind remind me of the words of a cavalry officer, when he related how he was overthrown on the battle field, and heard the whole regiment come galloping over him. He said he learnt more of God in those moments on the field, than in years of his ordinary life. I would add to this that such a deep, lasting experience influences all after life, and is never really lost.

On two occasions, when we were together, my brother William had explosions with gunpowder, causing him serious injury. These occasional alarms were very painful ; but they did not diminish our pleasure in quiet home life, often absorbed in the choice books which he selected for our much-enjoyed readings together.

After having delighted in the writings of Lamartine, read aloud by my brother, it was a welcome pleasure to have an invitation to meet him for an evening in private. His words and company continued the impression made on me by his works. In a similar way, when asked to meet Martin Tupper, and he read to us some of his stirring pieces, his enthusiasm was inspiring.

Two highly accomplished gentlemen, greatly valued in public and private life, each made some remarks to me that were very suggestive. As we spoke of entering the world beyond this, and our increased knowledge then, one of them exclaimed : " I always feel we shall have so very much to *unlearn*." This evidently was a leading thought in my student friend's mind, and impressed me exceedingly with the reflection, What are we doing in this short life, if we spend it largely in learning what we have immediately to throw away when in the presence of God ?

The kind words of my other friend were on the subject of reading, his great store of literary knowledge, and fastidious taste for the beautiful, and

charming cultivated mind, making his opinion of no small value. To the question, "Do you think we ought to read doubtful literature?" he replied, "Much that we read we had far better sit on the grass and twiddle fingers than read it, *far* better. Oh, if I could forget what I have read! but I cannot."

Well may we regard the words, "What a man reads that he is," so much does reading mix with our thoughts, and insensibly hold its continual influence.

We cannot be too careful as to what comes into the mind, whether through books or association, or from whatever side. If we seek not to have poison in food, certainly we should be more particular to exclude everything harmful mentally. Once admitted it will inevitably reproduce itself in some form, and work unforeseen evil, sometimes even diminishing the freshness and pleasure in what is of greatest value. It is easy to damp the enjoyment we may habitually live in; and loading the mind with subjects that are evil, or mixed with evil, produces a plentiful harvest of depression sometime.

A gifted lady said to me "Had I been more with my cousin I should have become an unbeliever." Another, far less talented, "The books I have read so trouble me, I have read too many and I cannot get free from them"; and she never was able to get her thoughts disentangled from their influence.

My brother William took me to see the marvelous performances of a Chinaman who kept twelve oranges in constant motion in the air through his most rapid and precise movements. I watched them with the greatest admiration, for ever impressed with the decision: "my life is not going to be like this—the quickest possible chase to keep the most things going."

The next feat that we watched was an amazing number of plates, all kept moving by the most expert twizzling of the Chinaman's fingers, and so dexterously handled that we saw only streams of twirling plates. When a notable English gentleman asked me if I had seen those plates in the Chinaman's hands, I replied, "Yes," adding my impression on watching the oranges; and he said, "My life is just like that Chinaman's, perpetually twizzling plates, I have so much in hand!"

This is indeed too often true. The general rush increases, and is said to culminate on the other side of the ocean, where it is reported that one gentleman said to another, hastening on to a boat to cross a river to business—"Get *in*, Harry, good gracious, get in! there's not another ferry for nineteen seconds"!! This living at high pressure most of us long to see moderated, but we must leave it to one another to carry out as each can find opportunity.

Our kind cousin, the late Samuel Gurney, used to tell me incidents of his life in which I greatly appreciated his amiable consideration of others. One

day he said to me—"We were being driven home last evening when the coachman took us against a cart, and then against another, and soon even against a third. I could bear it twice, but I could not have my wife driven in that manner. So getting out, I mounted the box and took the reins, and drove home to the turning by the lodge; there I turned the horses into the drive and got back again inside, that the coachman should not have the disgrace of its being said among the servants, 'Master had to drive home.' The next morning I sent for him; he had been with us a good while, and I pensioned him off, but told him I could not have my wife driven in the manner of the previous evening."

He had an earnest feeling of the great value of the afternoon of Sunday. After spending a while among the flowers and greenhouses, he would suggest that each one should have a quiet time for reading or what they chose, most likely adding that they might meet in the garden before tea, when he resumed his happy thoughtful conversation.

"Be sociable, Charlotte, be sociable, I wish it, and have found it the best way in life," were his words to me in those girlish days; and have proved useful in their influence through life.

A few words I heard spoken by the late Duke of Argyle left on me a deep and lasting impression. He was advocating sympathy with others and said, "Excuse the sailor's expression, but it is wonderful what you can do when you get alongside a fellow-

creature." In that sentence the Duke set forth a great truth.

The friendship of Samuel Gurney was one of the most cherished enjoyments of Charlotte's youth, often referred to in her diaries.

The Ragged School work, so quickly passed over in her recollections, is more fully described in the following memorandum written probably about 1850.¹

THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

It was in the autumn of 1845, one cold First Day, my dearest father said, "Now I will give thee a challenge; there is a little school that our Kent (gardener) teaches at, and I have rather a wish to see it; I thought whether thou wouldst go with me." It fell pleasantly on my mind, and willingly I agreed to it. Long we searched the lanes at the end of Church Street, and lastly found it. A little room in that dear rookery, in each corner a little ragged class and all busy; the room forlorn and all in the humblest style. We stayed a few minutes and spoke to the good old missionary, Mr. Higgins. Next week dear Harriet Tylor went with me to the morning school at 9 o'clock. The next I went, and each succeeding one we went. I thought I could not teach, but one day took a class; I liked it, and henceforth was a teacher—now for four years. The days were damp and the ways most dirty, most dirty children, most dirty room, unbrushed, forms

¹ The Notes connecting extracts from Diaries are by Miss E. Boyd Bayly.

all shaky, children disorderly, and very few teachers. Many a riotous school we had in that little rookery room, hot in summer, dirty in winter ; yet many a serious, many a pleasant hour was mingled with dirt and disorder. In the spring of 1846 Cor¹ came also with us in place of Alfred Harris. So we three and the missionary and Mr. Evans (sometimes fewer) headed the promising assemblage of raggeds. In time we moved it all to the Lancasterian School. Mr. Giles, the missionary in place of Mr. Higgins, was henceforward our factotum.

When we moved to the Lancasterian Room I still taught my same class ; some of them I was, and am still, much attached to ; the dirtiest, youngest, and most ignorant of the girls in the rookery school. I well remember as we often turned down the lanes when S. J. and I were school girls ourselves, how I felt the responsibility of them ; how merrily I came home if I had been able to talk seriously with them, and if we had had "*a good afternoon*" ; but how in going I felt as though I could not, was not able to teach them as they should be taught. Still, they were very encouraging in giving their preference to our classes, and the happy afternoons with them made me very fond of them.

Another teacher offered for my class. I still went occasionally, to please my companions, but it felt irksome to me ; my mind longed to be at home. For a few weeks I did rest, then one evening I

¹ Cornelius.

went to three boys sitting with their backs to their teacher, shouting and stamping and laughing, and to take their attention for the moment I chatted and talked with them. "*You* teach us young gentlemen. *Teacher*, you teach us," was all they would say as I was leaving. So with a promise of good behaviour, and with S. J.'s consent, against my own will I took them. I had never taught boys of this sort. "What could I do with them?" was all I could think. However, their promise was strictly kept. They were quite strangers to me save one, whom I only knew from having called a few days before to complain of his notoriously bad behaviour. So we were all pleased, and promised to come again. As they left I felt my hand warmly pressed; it was little Marlow, and from that day C. Marlow and I have been friends, I hope, indeed. So then they wished that I should teach them always. I consented to do so when suitable, but they now belonged to other teachers. I scarcely knew what to do. I would not *countenance* their leaving their classes. I told them it must not be, but in the afternoon I would meet them: they belonged to no one then. They were not to be ruled, however, and every afternoon there were soon more than I could manage for my instruction. Poor G. J., I was told to inform he was to come no more. I *would not*. I told him to come to me. I felt as though I must not, could not turn him out. Many times did I have many a trouble with him, yet

there were quiet, good, attentive, interesting hours between. I had known him a year or more before this, and got him a place and a jacket for it, but now he was idle, no longer in his place.

Then follows an account of how the boy was won back to industry, concluding with—

And one Sunday, as we listened to an address of simple beauty from Mr. Evans, that reckless scholar wept. We bent our heads in prayer, and I almost started as I heard, without believing, the stifled heavings of emotion of that long hopeless boy.

The daily Ragged School was opened on July 20th, 1850. James P. I am trying to reconcile to his cruel stepmother. I fear if I can do it; but these things I should do just as something given me to do, not as bearing the responsibility of my success—it is too great.

These last words are most characteristic of the way in which, through life, Charlotte Hanbury took up the many unusual and difficult things “given” her to do by her personal influence.

For about twenty years, from 1848, she kept a diary—not day by day, but noting special events in the inner as well as in the outer life. To those who knew her in victorious days, when she seemed to live quite above the ordinary conflicts and temptations of human nature, it has been very striking to learn how keen, in early years, her battles were.

“*She wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears,*”

and it has been felt that no record of her life could be complete without some extracts from those secret histories,

which tell how the bright instrument was slowly fashioned for the Master's use. A passage in the first entry gives the keynote of her life. After speaking of her great enjoyment in her studies, "delighted with Italian," she writes:—

A thousand things I want to do, but it is in often seeking to do the Divine will *only* and entirely that I find safety and peace. I *must* not, *need not* fear to do this fully ; it ends my anxieties and frees me from so much pain.

BONCHURCH, 3rd mo., 5th, 1848.—[After referring to the enjoyment of a visit from Alfred Tylor, who was "almost absorbed in geology."] The intellectual world is a world of deep delight. In the beauties of this lovely world, in the happiness of friendship and mental union, there are a thousand enjoyments that doubly unite the heart in gratitude to God. It is very sad to me that I often feel not mental union with dearest — [the initial is erased]. I can do nothing but commend this trouble to the will of the Most High.

Some months later.—Well, I wish from a child I had been more open, free and heartily confiding in my own dear ones at home ; but if for eighteen years I have not been, what now can I do ? Little indeed, but I do hope it may be one of the things "added unto me" ; and if I have done wrong, now, as my heart is changed, I may learn to do right. . . . I have always so kept to myself the wild, warm, deep feelings, thoughts and workings of my mind, yet bitterly I've felt its solitude.

A note to the Bonchurch entry dated 1851, says :

How deeply now may I with heartfelt joy acknowledge how great the gift in this that has been given. How sweet the conquest of the Lord ! how near our hearts, how much more union ! Oh, trust *His* name to conquer.

And below the second, also dated 1851 :

How mercifully given me ! It is above all my hopes at that time. How many a friend now, how closely bound to the dear home ones ! Rich and full are the blessings of God.

1848, *4th mo., 6th.*—How many things lie deeper down and burn more warmly than any think. It sometimes seems as if my mind could not contain the *bounding* emotions of joy and pain that brighten or darken every prospect. . . . He frees me, He blesses me, He sweetens the *bitter, bitter* cup, He makes my sorrowing or suffering heart resigned. He is near me when *I am alone*, and brightens the enjoyment of every happy hope and heartfelt pleasure.

4th mo., 10th.—It is my eighteenth birthday—a lovely, bright day, but one of apprehension from the assembling of the Chartists in London. . . . The past year seems to have gone very quickly. Many a thing of heartfelt interest has it brought with it, many an hour that God has been near to me I now gratefully acknowledge ; and in the hour that He may call *for any service* at my hand may I remember

Him, and remember all I owe Him. There is more happiness in my life now than I have ever had before. The world of knowledge is, as it were, spread before me, the happiness of friendship, the enjoyment of poetry and all that is poetical, of nature, and all that is imaginative, and widens and pleases and elevates the imagination—an enjoyment that I verily believe is in no wise unreal. This may be *mine*, and *far more than all*, my Father in Heaven will give me His kingdom in my heart. Oh, then come closer, much closer to Him; seek to know *all* His holy will and to do it *all*. . . .

1848, 5th mo., 30th.—A busy Yearly Meeting day. Dined at Plough Court; enjoyed seeing Edwin Tregelles awhile. After meeting, at C. Gilpin's, met Elihu Burritt. I was heartily pleased to meet him.

6th mo., 3rd.—Last Fifth Day, Elihu Burritt dined with us. I felt as if I was not quite at peace with Heaven, and could not talk a word. Obligated to run away alone awhile. The Lord condescended to forgive me, and, as it were, return to me. An interesting little chat with E. B. about slavery, the Sugar Act, and using Free Labour produce. I think he is a good, benevolent, and powerful man—perhaps imaginative, but certainly *powerful*.

6th mo., 21st.—We are just expecting dear William's friend, Mr. M. What a timid heart I have! I feel easy when with people, but so afraid, even averse, to meet them.

Through most of this year there runs an under-current of deep and mingled feeling on one subject—intense desire that her dear brother “Cor” may have the desire of his heart, and her own beloved friend become her sister—yet, when the consummation approaches, heart-sinking for her own sake, “*So lonely, my spirits so flat,*” when the young betrothed were away together; but her turn came when the dear brother returned and carried her off for a week alone with him. She wrote—

A charming little week it was, so quiet and happy together, rusticating to our hearts’ content; and now—how very, very happy it is to be at home again! I am so heartily glad of it, and so freshened up by our journeyings. Thanks, many thanks, for these pleasures, joys, and blessings.

11th mo., 5th.—Spent a few days at Clapham. Met Christine Roux, a nice, warm, interesting, intelligent young Frenchwoman. One morning went to Kew, and saw Sir William Hooker. He walked about with us two hours, and was most kind and pleasant. I did not know his name and fame until we had walked and chatted freely for an hour, and then it was too late to feel much restrained by the honour due to him. We all won his goodwill.

This is one of the earliest instances of the attraction she had through life for men of distinction; and the concluding words are the only instance noticed throughout her diary of any allusion to the impression that she herself produced. A new figure coming on the scene is sure to be followed by a little “appreciation” of his or her character and gifts; never by any expression of pleasure in personal attentions received. Pleasure in kindness, in

fellowship, is often and most gratefully acknowledged, but never, from earliest days, the pleasures of gratified vanity.

11th mo.—M. and T. S. came and spoke. Poor M.'s sentences were so splendid that it was impossible to finish them.

Undated.—Well, mentally I am sometimes especially suffering and *miserable* under the presence and pervading hold of sin. Oh, as this meets the blessed Holy Spirit, it is pain indeed to the immortal soul. And, doubly, I seem so to dislike myself; so unlovely to myself, so unlovely to others. Disliked by myself, disliked by others, I do feel miserable some days. . . . Oh, learn to suffer, but believe in the Lord and obey Him, and He will at least deliver thee from the *evil* in these bitterly painful feelings in regard to sin—the unloveliness of thy own character, the very limited friendship of some, and thy sometimes disappointed heart in others. It is often my own fault: I know it. I condemn myself, I am condemned (I think) of others. Thou, dearest Lord, art Thou the kindest? I, at least, sin deeply against Thee. My heart is overwhelmed. But God is, I do believe, *able* and *willing* to save. Endure but a while, thou wilt see it, though sin and thy failings now encircle thee with pain.

My natural temper has often led to readily feeling with new acquaintances (and still more in continued acquaintance or friendship) a link of friendly feeling, an enjoyment in mutual goodwill, or a heart-

felt, sincere, lasting friendship that may often have brought with it real, true enjoyment; and, I know, very harmlessly. But still I would it were restrained. I think it would be different if quite influenced by Heaven—if quite under the direction of the Lord; and, if I am enabled but to keep near to Him, oh! see if He overcome not this deep-seated nature, so far, at least, as it leads me from Him—is a snare of the enemy, and not in His heavenly ordering.

Here lies the germ of her power of singularly selfless attachments.

The next conflict is over the Ragged School—the heavy, almost intolerable, burden of care for the children's souls.

Oh, it weighs down my spirits and happiness to feel this as I do, so deeply. “Would the school were annihilated!” I could often say. For what good does it do? And to sit with those boys! It is *unbearable*, low as they are, if they behave badly. I am heartily willing and glad to help them in any way, but may I look to Christ for direction, for I think I shall teach them no more to *please myself*.

Christmas Day.—To-day my dearest father has given me a gold watch. Uncle Fox and Cousin Mary are staying with us. . . . I seem to get so little done, I quite mourn over it. It is a thing I must especially leave to Christ's direction, but must watch narrowly that I do *indeed* that which God would have me—that *only*, that *entirely*.

1849. 2nd mo., 18th.—I do feel sad about some of our ragged scholars. [Here follows a tale of misdemeanours.] Except Heaven be with me, oh! may I not long bear the weight of it!

5th mo., 17th.—A few months back, how I longed that some of those ragged scholars might “a little improve”! I scarcely hoped it, I felt grieved by the hopelessness of it; and now, how thankful may I be that some *have improved*! It is not *I* who have done it. . . . Oh, *to do what God gives me!*—not earnestly to desire, not to give my mind to anxiety, except to do the will of God.

Between these two entries another marks the beginning of a new “exercise” of mind—whether beloved studies should be continued, or whether the time would be better spent in works of mercy and communion with God.

In June Mrs. Hanbury’s health led to a visit to Ben Rhydding, to try the then new experiment of hydropathic treatment. Here, away from all wonted employments and interests, the little party sought interest among the other patients, and most attractive of these was a Mr. Hope.

Devoted in heart to the highest objects, his conversation led heavenwards—in mind and manner high-toned throughout. He was of a high Scotch Tory family, and son of the late Lord Advocate. He was much interested in the Temperance cause, having promoted it widely among the Edinburgh poor children. Well, I was no abstainer in principle or practice, and I plainly avowed it to him; but I was interested much in the subject, and wished to go into it with a heart willing to adapt.

We were never introduced, but on the High Walk, Ben Rhydding, soon began our conversation, which was to end in my abstinence and in having a new conscience regarding wines, etc. In our first walk I warmly brought forward the many texts I thought controverted his statements, and we differed widely, but were very good friends. He laughed heartily, but was earnest and serious, too. I was not convinced ; and thus we went to dinner.

In a few days he proposed an evening's discussion. Gladly I agreed, but was still not convinced, though somewhat shaken in my unbelief. The next evening we continued it at eight o'clock, and in some measure my mind was loosed in prayer that I might see and receive *what was indeed the very truth*. I felt it more seriously, and would not make Mr. Hope laugh with my open, straightforward disagreement. I wished to learn, and a deeply interesting evening we had—one in which sometimes the Lord seemed not far from us.

As he spoke of saving our fellow-creatures, of what Paul would have done, of rescuing them by any means, and personally to me in the kindest but strongest way (for it had the force of truth), it went all through me ; it was as though the truth had entered my heart. I felt it, and far more than I said, but I promised him to "think about it."

"You will think about it," he said ; and at half-past ten we broke up an evening most serious, most interesting, that indeed turned heavenward. I could

not sleep. Awake till twelve, I was up soon after five next day, and went out on the moors to think of it. At first I had sincerely thought he was wrong, and I *thought* I was right; but I *might* be all wrong. I felt it; and that evening turned me. As he spoke it went to my heart—anything, *anything*, for the rescue of souls. This was a point dear to me indeed.

Yet I was still of a doubtful mind. I knew not what was the very truth yet, or exactly what for me was the right way. I walked and prayed and thought. Thinking and praying, and commending it to God—oh, little did I care for other things!

Mr. Hope little knew how much I felt it. Sixth day we missed him at dinner, and I feared we could talk no more of temperance. However, we met him next day, and again resumed our conversation for most of the morning; but it was in silent prayer and thinking that my mind was brought more to his views, though still doubtful.

Seventh day, dearest Father returned. Second day, I went and saw the Richardsons of York, and Sarah encouraged me about this temperance. I seemed come to the point of abstinence—often, indeed, more than willing.

Third day, Mr. Hope had a temperance lecture at Barley. Papa and I, Mr. M—— and Mr. D—— walked to it. It was a lovely evening. Not a person was there at first. “Oh, do not stay quietly here. Come, let us tell the people,

and some may come," said I; "come, let us go." And, after a while, one or two agreeing, we went into lanes, houses, etc., etc., and persuaded some; others came, and it was a tolerable little meeting, and Mr. Hope very able and clear in his address. We had a pleasant ride home with him. As we were waiting, before any had come to the willing point to go into the highways and hedges, I plainly told him that I was *converted*.

A passage follows very characteristic. After these days of intense emotion, thought and prayer, Charlotte "felt dull and low." There was a dance in the evening, and though feeling that she could not join in it, "I could almost say it cheered my heart." To forget the "serious converse," and see the pretty ladies in pink muslin dancing the polka to delicious music, relieved the mental tension. Through life, to her, as to almost all who feel profoundly, intervals of "throwing it all off" were a physical necessity. Two delightful picnics followed, in which she could join without a qualm, but she hurried back to hear Mr. Hope's temperance lecture. She parted from this new friend with real pain.

The spirit in which Mr. Hope would converse and act was more impressive than volumes, and cheerful and merry and natural as he was, I might well value every hour I might chat with him. I felt like a child, and looked up to him earnestly for advice and instruction. I did not feel stiff with him, but I was almost puzzled to know exactly how to act, he was so shy of all ladies, and I have no shyness in me to kindred souls—except very often

a great shyness of bringing myself forward at all. But when I was puzzled, and when temperance staggered me——

Here abruptly breaks off the history of a decision taken for life. She would have met no opposition from her parents, Mrs. Hanbury being a life-long abstainer from preference, and her father treasurer of the original Temperance Society. The question of the best possible employment of time again finds place in the diaries of this year. "I feel anxious, very anxious about it. I see not my future path in the least. How can I know that any single thing is good for me?"

1850. *5th mo., 7th.*—Fourth day had a capital public meeting for our Ragged School, dear Lord Ashley in the chair. He came on purpose from Brighton, and spoke admirably and with cordial encouragement. Mr. Payne and Lieut. Blackmore also spoke. £25 collected; meeting crowded, and attended with much spirit.

But as I returned and undressed at night, weary indeed and overstretched, my very heart wept long and bitterly, thinking of our poor children's state, and the little entire sympathy I yet found for the fear and care for their souls. Oh, their souls, their souls! Could I but see them saved. If there is *anything* I can do, I ought to, I *must*, I *must* do it.

1st day, night.—Just come from the Ragged School—a good, interesting evening. O Lord, it seems like Thy gift, Thy blessing—how happy it

makes my heart. But then sin blackens even the joy of it. Satan tempts me to feel as though it was *I*. Oh, would that I could feel the real untruth of this. It is *a lie*. God gives the gift if their hearts are changed; God gives the gift if I can teach. Oh, my Saviour, who sees my heart, be pleased to overcome in me the strong temptation to feel that it is *I* who have done something. Oh, teach my soul the truth regarding this. Oh, my Saviour, who prayed for Peter, may my soul wait on Thee, and learn of Thee indeed.

7th mo., 5th.—One word for the exceeding need of the Lord in mercy teaching me how to teach my poor scholars. Two things are before me—their souls to save, and my utter weakness. God is great, and He is able—but then my wild ones must be willing. These things in their greatness have pressed heavily upon my soul. One sorrow I find in them—one bitter sorrow and no alleviation—the sorrow for those who tread the way of death. Though young and happy, this is a bitter thought to me, it mingles tears and woe in life.

Three months back, I felt as if living for nothing; a little while after, it flashed across my mind “Live for the souls of others, to do all God gives thee to win others from destruction.” It seemed a worthy object—the glory of God, if it can be possible from such as me, and to do all He gives—to save others. It settled on my heart. It was high enough for time and for eternity. It never before

came so distinctly to my mind. The Lord be my Lord. Oh, may I keep all His words.

On the 6th of June in this year, Charlotte's beloved brother "Cor" was married to Miss Sarah Jane Janson, her own dear friend and her companion from the first in the Ragged School work. The young couple were to settle quite near the paternal home ; nevertheless, to lose so dear a brother from the daily life there cost the sister's heart a wrench not easily endured. But her elastic spirits quickly rose—her first comforters the boys in the Ragged School. From this time her older brother, William, occupied more and more of her thoughts, her time and love.

Another parting quite wrung her tender heart when one of her dearest scholars sailed for Australia. One realizes that her rare power of influence was not cheaply gained ; she could move the hearts of others because she had first allowed their needs, their concerns, their individuality, to sink deep into her own. Constantly through life was this experience repeated—some human soul "given" her to be wrestled over, sometimes wrestled with, in throes known only to God. Outwardly she would be very careful to preserve entire self-restraint. Only One would understand and share it all ; and already, in these girlish days, one sees growing up a close and hidden fellowship of peculiar sweetness between the young disciple, pained with the ardours of her own fervent nature, and the Lord who loved more, felt more, cared more than she could herself. One little sentence in the account of her scholar's departure may stand for many another occasion. A desire to see the boy off, on board his ship, had risen strongly in her. "Wishing not to be selfish, and that what was best God would bring to pass," she took the first step towards it, and found the way open before her. So it was continually—our Lord chastened her desires that He might be able richly to fulfil them.

Last evening with Mrs. Gilmore at Field Lane Ragged School. How we did enjoy it! It was thrilling. Such a school—good teachers, good order; and such tramps, cadgers and ragamuffins for scholars. It was the most beautiful scene and the most beautiful work, to my mind.

Lace—Dress Folly.—Then remember the worry of third day. How foolish it was! I went and bought some lace, and, pleased with what was first-rate, bought what was far too expensive, and too rich and smart also. I saw I was a goose and had done wrong. And I should have paid for it, too, by its being too smart and being found fault with. The Babylonish garment, how it did worry me! But, cut though it was, I thought I'd change it; and changed next day it was right well, so my drawers were clear of the fruits of that folly. But the lesson, may it long be remembered. Squander not money at any time, but small though the sum be, spend it as a steward, a servant of God. My money—I ought to do some good with it. Oh, may I try and save it from that gulph of dress.

1851, 4th mo., 13th.—Last fifth day I was twenty-one. A happy day in brightest spirits—E. P.'s wedding in morning. Thought little of its being my birthday till Papa at breakfast made me. How dearly kind! He has laid by in the Friends' Provident Institute, and now I have the sum and the interest! May I spend it rightly! Then to

think of making a will—why it startled my very brain!

Last third day.—Samuel Gurney here to preside at the Bible Society. First day delightfully spent at Upton; much enjoyed being with dear Samuel Gurney. On sixth day went to Royal Institution lecture—a brilliant lecture by Faraday, and a brilliant audience. Prince Albert and many of rank present, the prince very cordial and agreeable in manner, affable and gentlemanly.

Fourth day.—Much troubled mentally—often know not what to do with my own mind.

Life had grown suddenly very serious to the young girl. One day, a while before, she had written: "This is the second time since we came home that delight and pleasure have seemed to take their swing in my changeful heart." The next entry, two months later, begins,—

. Grinding as in the prison of grief. Youthful friendship snapped and broken, pleasant hours more than ended, till time have changed us both. And each must suffer, and not one word to soften it. . . . Not one pleasure of that pleasant friendship must be touched, or thou forfeit acting rightly; and thou must be felt to be unfeeling to one who suffers more, and thought unkind and untrue, whilst thy heart bleeds, it feels so keenly.

Broken words added seem to imply that a desire for something more than friendship had come in, not on her side. It was by no means her only sorrow of the kind, deeply painful to her tender heart, and bringing at times

an agony of perplexity : what *was* the will of God ? If she could be sure of that, all would be peace. At the same time, running through several years there are indications of some great renunciation made for conscience' sake, so cheerfully that for long no one guessed the cost. Notes added at a later date imply that her resolve was approved in retrospect by her riper judgment, but the conflict at the time was very bitter.

It was one of her earnest desires, in her last illness, that if her recollections were made known, the experiences of her life might help the young. For their sakes a few passages are given from the sacred history of her own hardest struggle. They are placed in chronological order, but omitting the exact dates.

My soul is bewildered among all that seems to weigh on it. Oh, it *does* weigh ! Then it comes back to that one holy relationship—the soul to its Creator. Oh, that seems enough ! It is life, and that which depends on the perfection and certainty of God seems all I have that is certain. Here is something, and vast enough to fill eternity. Fulfil His will, and know His will is perfect. Oh, feel thyself nothing—the object of thy way to do His will—thy simple object ! That surrounds thee, but for this, I see *no* hope of thy being in the least able to compete with,—it is all too much for thy wretched weakness. They are difficulties that spread widely, thou knowest not how far, throughout thy whole existence. But for aid in God through Christ, they are indeed beyond my grasp. They would, I fear, grasp me.

Then my influence on my fellow-mortals and that

bitter fear of again causing any pain through disappointment. Oh, I could ask to be spared that cup! Oh, let me not put sorrow in the path of any one! I can bear much, but it has wrung my soul even to fear this. Oh, be for me what there may be, but let me not give others pain.

But at bottom I am happy. There is something deeper—a stronger hold upon my soul, an engagement with God—a life beginning, I humbly pray in Christ's name, that ever shall continue through eternity. The cheerfulness of all this wears almost a merry aspect on me, whilst the anguish of some hours leaves but for a day or two the weary eye and shaded brow, and is never known. Ah, Lord! Thou only knowest what has been my lot mentally.

My path is beset, and I know not, as it were, anything. May my soul's powers be increased, if it please Thee, in coming unto and waiting on, and learning of Thee—intellect and soul and feeling—all.

[*After a year's end.*] What a year!—the dangers, the peril, the momentous decision again *and yet again and again*—it turns my thoughts giddy. Oh, 'twas a rugged way!—precipices, pains and dangers, all *passed*. Cause for deepest gratitude and bowedness of soul to our God and Father in heaven.

New Year's Eve.—An hour, and the year is finished—the fearful year! In kindness was it

hidden, as with such glee and gladness I entered on its course, to tread a way that leaves a touch, as it were, of death upon my soul. . . . It harrows me to look at it—the verge of that precipice, the anguish of it, the long-enduring grief, the high resolution, the undying feelings and fixed purpose side by side. . . . The year has carried with it the glee of my heart. I am changed—yes, it is so. As we rode home I thought—and never had I entertained the thought before—the years that to me have brightened every one more and more from childhood, have reached their height. That delicious onward brightening comes no more—no, it will be no more.

(Note, five years later.—Not so now. Again the years brighten more than ever, each brighter than the last.)

Ah, it has stunned me, that stretch on feelings deeply endured ; its trace long lives. 'Twas an overstretch, and whether those feelings ever can be restored, I doubt. That overstretch—I do not think it is reparable. I feel it—feel it—feel it. The cheerful party tells my heart that I am changed. But sweet friendship wears a fairer form than ever to me—its gentle balm, its gentle joy, all gladden my whole soul—and the onward, heavenly way is not touched. But the bow has been bent, the spring has stretched, and it seems irreparable. That, however, be left. There is a race to run, and on, on, quickly.

The love of her girl friends, and of women older than herself, had ever filled a very important part in Charlotte's life. It did not fail her now ; and in all troubles through life, she made herself happy the moment she could. The power of keen enjoyment rarely left her—a friend, a walk in lovely scenes, a joy to one she loved, a ray of hope for the sinful, the suffering and oppressed, would chase her clouds away. One of the trials of the period was the occasional need of sudden escapes, sometimes landing her in uncongenial surroundings. In the course of one very dull, depressing visit, she writes, "Seventh day, rode on horseback at two. This was capital ; henceforth I was brightened and could swallow anything."

The beauty of God's world was a never-failing source of pleasure. She notes once that a friend had remarked how difficult it was to turn travelling to good account. "See the natives, see the institutions—very good that, but," he added, "when you go only to look at a mountain it is very poor" (or flat). I could not but think the love of mountains and delight in the beauty of the natural world, was worth half that dear friend's wealth.

One more entry that marks the turn of the tide.

A vague fear troubles me and reflects the past. But oh ! afresh bring every care and sorrow home to a Saviour more sympathising, more present, more loving to feel and powerful to heal than any on earth. It is enough, enough. Bring every void or want, wish or longing, home unto Him before whom may all of mind and life be submissive. He marks all, and His will is love to me, I do believe. What abundant comfort to rest upon—comfort and joy independent of circumstances—a life of gladness in Jesus.

It is a new note—no longer only the soul and its Creator—the small heart resting in His majestic will, relying on Christ for salvation. Henceforth this same Jesus, who has drunk of human sorrow, is more than a Redeemer—He is all in all. The entry following is at the close of the same year.

In Christ there *is* rest, and my life and heart and wishes all seem reposing in joy when left in His hand. So the cup of gladness remains in Him, and is sure. So fear not circumstances—He is stronger than all : treasure in heaven, and it is safe. Oh, how kind and merciful is He to have blessed me with the sweet friendships this year has brought ! Yes, yes, more than I could ask or think. The future, be what it may, is beautiful, if His will is in it—sweet, if He orders it. May it bring me much more sanctification and keeping of His law.

Perhaps that dark shadow gave much more than it took away. And now into a Father's hand be all commended for another year. Farewell to one that leaves boundless cause to praise His holy name. Farewell to the dear and happy year !

At the close of a year of decisions and *rejections*.

This year has been a life in itself. But it closes now. The bells ring for it. Farewell to a year of deep, deep traces to be left on me ; farewell, and a blessing on all who are concerned in its history for me. Oh, a blessing for them *may* it be—and gladness and a passing away of the shadows reflected so deeply, and known but too well in my heart !

Oh, a blessing, my Saviour, for these, in Thy own holy name!

Ah! this year—it *fills* my soul. Farewell.

On the page opposite, dated many years later, in middle life.

As I look again at the last lines and the last pages, I feel that now, as deep or deeper, painful things of the same kind are bowing down heart and mind. Gravely they have stamped an impress. Is all of this world being made blank, except of its precious heavenly things lighting it up? Yes, it is something so: it is a heart echoing back like the resounding caverns of the mountain, save for the heavenly things. O God my Father, who calls the yet warmly beating heart to dwell alone! It is heart-wringing every way—not alone for myself, but for ———, and for ———. When I look, I now give thanks for 185—. Oh, shall I too give thanks for all this? Oh, I trust, my Saviour, surely so it shall be! Is it not good? Is not every pained hour of Thy own permitting? Jesus, my Saviour, and my God and Father—oh, reverently may I bow in thankfulness for those events of 185—; and surely shall I not for these now?

III

EARLY TRAVELS

ITALY, SOUTH OF FRANCE, SWITZERLAND,
GERMANY

ITALY.

THE first time I reached beautiful Italy was in 1852 with six cousins who kindly asked me to be the seventh in their party. We all packed into a travelling carriage with four horses and traversed the plains and cities of Lombardy, then under Austrian oppression—which was often painfully apparent.

When we arrived at lovely Venice in the profound stillness it had in those days, we came to a charmed spot indeed ; noiseless beauty and thrilling interest were everywhere. As we glided about the silent canals by moonlight or in sunshine, all was a marvellous world of beauty.

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

A French lady who was our friend from my childhood having asked me to accompany her to the South of France, I was charmed to stay in

entirely French surroundings away from the usual route of travellers.¹

I had read with my mother, with absorbing interest, the stirring history of these southern provinces, and all that I saw was filled with memories and subjects of the past, leading to delightful intercourse with the residents whose great pleasure was in these remarkable histories. The thickly vaulted houses, strong enough with their heavy stone walls and arched corridors to bear a siege, were wonderful, and the ruined Camisard churches still told of times when the worship and the worshippers were alike stamped out.

Having another dear old friend of my childhood near the Cevennes mountains, I branched off for a visit to him, soon finding inexorable customs as to what a young lady might do, or might not do, which were intolerable to English feelings. If we had a party of my friend's acquaintances, and any of the well-known gentlemen talked with me in a leisurely conversation, ladies exclaimed afterwards, "How is this! that M. de P—— talked so long with the English lady, and Professor M——! Why was he so long conversing with her?" The aged landowner of the largest estates around asked me to look at his vineyard and its distant views, and at

¹ Readers of the lives of the Gurneys and other Friends will remember the colonies of Friends visited at Nismes, Congenies and the neighbourhood. [Ed.]

every step Marie, my friend's servant, followed like a shadow with her knitting, although the old gentleman of the land was the most honoured and influential of the neighbourhood, and more than old enough to be my father. And after all this, there were jealous criticisms on my being invited and accepting the little expedition. Alas! for the consequences of these customs when English girls are concerned. As there was so much objection to my going out alone, I persuaded my dear kind old friend to allow it before breakfast. He said, "Liberty is sweet—you are English—yes."

And to Marie's horror, my early start gave time daily for going such long distances on the beautiful mountains, brilliant in sunshine and Southern colours! I felt it was beyond all bounds, but the fascination of the scenes was irresistible.

Then a hunting gentleman whose brother was my father's friend, asked me to a sunrise expedition on the mountains, and our escapade was larger. A signal before 2 a.m. soon set me going, and having bid adieu in passing to his wife, we wound up the steep ways among rocks and trees by starlight in the clear night air, fresh and balmy with the scent of flowers, till gaining a high sheltered ledge of rock, and making a fire, we had a French hunter's breakfast. The sun rose full in front, lighting up the glorious mountains and their forests.

He narrated to me his wanderings and adventures in beautiful scenes, bringing me vividly into

the country life around. Then descending by a circuitous way on the mountain sides he told me about the spots we reached, and much that only becomes familiar in a leisurely time in unfrequented places. Well may Kingsley exclaim, "Do not only look at beautiful scenes — you must have time and live with them to know and feel their beauty !"

Catching a glimpse of a very large solitary house and hearing that two Scotch ladies lived there and were interested for the welfare of the neighbouring people, my wish to see them led to our having much happy association. The entrance courtyard, surrounded by heavy outer walls strong to bear attacks in war, had space for hundreds of persons. The house was in the most massive vaulted style, as if impregnable against a siege. I passed its various ante-rooms and vaulted corridors, and then found the dear, warm-hearted ladies in spacious rooms also built with thickest stone walls. All was very remarkable—the dignity and simplicity of their lives in their beautiful surroundings indoors, in the midst of their most charming land ; the utter quiet and isolation of their mansion, and their bright happiness and genial company,—while they kindly brought me into their world of interests. Such solitude and gentle cultivated life were all more like a story book than ordinary realities. Peacefulness, sympathy and kindness marked their days and spread their influence widely around.

When first gazing at their house I asked a young landscape gardener—

“M. Alphonse, what do these ladies do?”

He replied, “They pray.”

“They *pray*!” I enquired.

“Yes, and they are always doing good; they are excellent ladies.”

Alphonse was a Roman Catholic, but he most highly valued these pious, unselfish ladies who were Protestants. He now became a useful escort, and having agreed to take the tyrannical Marie, he drove me to Le Vigon, beautifully situated in the midst of the mountains, that I might hear more from Professor C—— of the histories of that neighbourhood. These subjects were so interesting to the Professor's family, they kindly asked me to stay with them, and here I found charming ladies, and home life in France. Our evenings were spent all together at home in social pursuits and pleasures, as in happy English families.

The chestnut annual festivity came before I left, and made an entirely exceptional frolicking evening, to which I was invited by another family, where the light-hearted French gaiety was very amusing in something like a little carnival occasion. Chestnuts are so important and welcome a part of daily provision here; their fresh season brought them in view whenever we came to table, cooked in all manner of ways; so when at last I left my kind friends for the return journey, chestnuts formed a chief part of the day's provision.

I tried to follow the customs around me, even to the detail of national dishes. But my patience had been running out under a succession of small provocations. When interested in sketching a devastated church of the Camisards, the heat was so great among its ruins, M. Alphonse improvised for me a shelter from the sun,—soon commented on by the ladies saying, “How is it that M. Alphonse attends the young English lady?” I was to ride with our hunting friend to Anduze, but Marie persuaded her master that riding was a fearful danger, and not to be thought of; so with many thanks, I asked to return to the kind lady from England, and we rusticated and travelled together in many directions.

Unexpectedly one day a bull fight took place just where I was, and to escape the commotion I had to shelter in a friendly house. My sympathy being with the badly used bull, I was shocked with his being tormented, and that any crowd could tolerate, much less enjoy, such revolting scenes. I could not look upon it, and the heat and glare were intolerable, as well as the heedless cruelty. It took place in a wild kind of town of which I knew little, except that the pastor said it was impossible to prevent his people talking in church, and I had seen them chatting so merrily in their seats, I could hardly be surprised at any wild misdeeds.

SWITZERLAND.

In 1856, when mountaineering was less easy for ladies, it was a great joy to accompany a cousin, filled with enthusiasm for the snowy heights among the magnificent Alpine scenes. We could hear of scarcely any lady having gone up the Mettelhorn, Zermatt; but in our ascent, traversing the snow-covered glacier, our guides entirely unprovided with ropes, we walked all four abreast, chancing the many crevasses that were in our way. Suddenly my cousin's guide was hanging by his arms, struggling to escape the depth below, but he soon regained his footing, and my cousin and I were too much enjoying the scenes to heed the dangers. We stayed long on the summit delighted with the singularly beautiful view, our guides vainly urging a hasty descent, on account of the melting snow making the way more difficult. Not knowing their reasons, I only said, "No, we wish to remain"; thus when we retraced our course down, the risks had increased, and as our guides were quite unprepared for any emergency, and simply said, "Take my arm," we walked down hoping for the best.

At Chamounix we made a very happy, successful trip up the Mer de Glace to the Jardin, which was specially rich with flowers.

GERMANY.

When I was eight years old the chaplain of the late widely-known Count von der Recke Volmer-

stein visited us, arousing my great interest in the lovely German life and surroundings he had left, and leading in after years to my largely sharing in them. Gratifying social life succeeded the school-room, and I had no thought of travelling abroad. In a run of interesting society, with young companions and in happy home days, much had to be left behind, when, in 1854, kind friends took me away to Germany, and after a while left me to visit our former friend the chaplain, then settled with his church and parish in one of the small German Principalities. These were startling little States at that time, in their old-world fashion and assumption, but all was charming to me, even to being told, "If you sketch that archway, you will be arrested," and having crowds of children below my windows, shouting with pleasure if they caught a glimpse of the foreigner who had come to their isolated parish, named "The Wilderness."

Seeing at the house of an acquaintance a young man who was kindly sheltered, I was informed that he had just been six weeks in prison on account of having shared in a meeting for prayer, that his money and watch were taken away, and his situation as printer was lost. To English ears this was stirring; and finding that others were in worse case than he, I made bold to ask for an interview with the great people of the little Principality, who upheld this treatment, though really very shy of encountering them with imperfect German, and

being only a stranger girl. No small commotion ensued. The quaint account of it was afterwards given by a German gentleman to an English assembly: "When our Prince heard that an English young lady had crossed the sea without father or brother or lover, and come to our State, and cared about these prisoners, our Prince stared!" In conversation with leading statesmen of the little country, some fiercely objected to less harsh measures, pale with anger and agitation, reiterating with scorn, "*Our State* is never to be like England!"

I was astonished to see their great excitement when we spoke of these subjects, but continued following them up and pleading for less cruelty, a chief member of the government having assured me that the whole lives and conduct of these prisoners were excellent.

An educated, superior man, whose accusation was similar to that of the printer, was so badly treated in a wretched little cell, that his health was sinking and his suffering extreme; but at first all I asked for him was absolutely refused. In vain I urged that it would be wrong to keep a dog in the same condition. The rulers were kind to me, but inexorable to prisoners; stormy denials alone abounded!

A lady, who was my friend, flounced around her drawing-room in unsuppressed anger; a gentleman high in the government shook with displeasure when speaking of these subjects; and while I valued

their personal kindness to me, I felt I must retreat from *salons* within a few steps of their fearfully ill-used prisoners—it was too painful to be in all luxury close to innocent people severely suffering.

Apart from these vexed subjects, social intercourse with members of the Government and their families was exceedingly interesting and pleasant. They were cultivated and genial, and I felt their kindness in continuing to me a cordial welcome, in spite of their extreme displeasure over the questions that first brought me among them.

Mentioning the visits I was about to make in Berlin and other cities, they exclaimed, “We know that every door is open to you,” as if foreseeing the discussion of these subjects in wider circles.

Meanwhile the prisoner, wasting away in his stifling cell, and debarred from all communication outside it, knew that he was being cared for, and he was cheered, notwithstanding the angry turmoil in the stately, rigid little Court.

At Berlin the head of the German Lutheran Church very kindly gave me time for talking over these events taking place in the little States, and we had much happy, earnest converse, his gifted wife sympathizing with me, and her husband at last seriously considering what I perseveringly brought before him, the great, good ecclesiastic balancing his own habitual thoughts with my vigorous pleadings in very inexperienced German. But the cause was a good one, and he was a most kind listener.

I have not ascertained the reason of the change, but in a very short time the unhappy prisoner was allowed fresh air and comparative freedom, being also trusted with the charge of useful work as an amanuensis for the very gentleman who had the strongest objection to improve his miserable condition, and a few years later liberty of worship was extended on every side.

After some years I saw the released prisoner again with his wife and family, and he then asked to accompany me to remote German forests, where I wished to see the primitive inhabitants. We could only reach them on foot by narrow tracks, and on approaching their little houses I stayed far behind to lessen their first panic over "receiving an English lady," as they exclaimed: "We have nothing; we cannot make her comfortable," until my good escort dispelled their fear by his assurances, "She likes everything; she is happy everywhere; she will be delighted to be here." Then their pleasant little homes were open with warm welcome, and we came into charming forest life—so *gemüthlich* and happy, it was beautiful as it was rustic. The father in each family took morning and evening prayers; the children were intelligent, and the conversation full of interest. There was no vulgarity or effort to appear what they were not. We were content and delighted with the homely fare at the cheerful tables, surrounded by miles of trees, generally in glowing sunshine. It

was surprising to find my sleeping-room sometimes adjoining the well-kept division for the cow ; but I was familiar with the custom of bringing all animals and the whole family under one roof.

In the homes of wealthy peasants we could drive two horses inside the wide doors, the horned cattle peering out from their compartments, and sheep and horses from theirs. Then a cooking-stove came in view, and dwelling-rooms opened out from the great entrance space. The daughters in some of these families were so unaccustomed to visitors, they would vanish shyly to upper regions by ladders. The very difficulty of gaining the goodwill of these damsels led me also up the ladders, and at last, aided by their parents' words, they were sociable, and kind enough to display the little fortune belonging to each one in her very large handsome wooden chest containing stores of clothing sufficient for a lifetime, with heirlooms and silver ornaments in grand profusion. Then the laughing girls forgot their fears, and we rambled through an extent of store places with imperfect access, as remarkable as was the scene below, of animals stretching out heads from their loose boxes, and family life going on in its usual course in adjoining departments of the great dwelling.

On leaving the little States, where the iron rule of might over right had been disturbed, passing through various cities, I stayed with a lady near the Rhine, who had been in attendance on the late

Queen of Hanover. She told me of the collision her own resolute action had occasioned with the notably unbending King at that time, whom no one thwarted. His Majesty was determined that she should divulge a secret which she equally felt it wrong for her to make known ; but the King pressed and demanded it, until the lady said boldly, she must beg of the King to request it no more, as she would not tell it. The surrounding company were aghast, for no such denial to this monarch was ever thought of.

A silence ensued, when the King struck the table heavily with his hand, exclaiming, "She is right !" and he was ever after more kind and especially considerate to her.

My brother William now wished to join me, and we made expeditions in the valleys branching off from the Rhine. He liked to follow the inclination of the moment and to travel as freely as the birds. "Just see if those people would let us sleep there," he would say, on seeing a house in an inviting spot, but apparently not for strangers ; and I pleaded the cause, mostly with success. "Don't you think we could climb those gates. The sunset from the top of the castle would be splendid," he suggested ; and we mounted the iron gates, three times his height, and perilous to my summer dress, entangled among the sharp *fleurs de lis* at the top—an airy performance, that made one feel allied to the monkey world ; but he liked it, and our glorious sunset view from the high castle tower inside.

“ This must be a happy journey ! ” exclaimed a German in wonder, as we sat down to luncheon among flowers and grass, chatting and laughing, and he caught the spirit of the occasion. He was right : scarcely could two people have moved more happily about than we—boating or driving or walking at will, as my brother liked.

IV

HOME LIFE

MY pleasure in home life and pursuits was increased by travelling. The return to settled, restful days and their surroundings was all the greater joy, and never disturbed by the most delightful scenes abroad. When Charles Kingsley was asked, "What made your life beautiful?" he replied, "I had a friend." While near London, the enjoyment of friends at hand was constant; circumstances also led to my seeing from time to time the Royal children, so as to enjoy their charming minds and ways. Dispositions that were lovely, and training that deserved highest praise, kept them fresh and free and natural, with warm young hearts to sympathize in what they heard and saw. Though so busy in study and pursuits, there was not a trace of all this in the lively, buoyant pleasure that characterized them, together with their gentle thought and consideration for others. Most enjoyable and interesting they were, with talent and amiability pervading those happy days, before royalty had brought its cares, and when, no longer in the time

of young training, these admirable qualities increased with a sweet naïveté, and more decision of lively manner, that were very fascinating. If her Majesty and the Prince Consort descended by the wide staircase down the palace to be present on a state occasion, they looked very beautiful—the Queen so graceful and dignified, and the Prince with his noble bearing, each one adorned in the robes and ornaments of state. Very lovely things of the Royal home life abounded daily, full of un-failing love and kindness and wisdom toward old and young.

But the sympathy I felt for the very suffering, working poor in London took me often among them, to lessen the cruel, hurtful gap between themselves and educated people of comparatively wealthy life. Their words expressed, “Why do you speak of the love of God? and there isn’t one of these rich people near who would care a minute for me or my wife and child, and you know I work and strive for them day and night.” It was too true, and needed quietly, patiently coming into, without disputing, but to bring sunshine into the blackened rooms and desponding hearts.

Major Malan went with me to a company of artisans, for whom one spoke in defiant first words, “I do not fear God!” My most kind and able companion told them more of Him so courteously and in so interesting a way, the first speaker soon said, “Oh, sir, you are right; we thank you; we are glad

to listen." And on leaving, their hearty thanks and hand-shaking and softened feeling toward God and man showed how much was underneath, in those defiant people, that could respond warmly to a kind visitor whose disinterested love they felt and enjoyed.

The poor were fully to be trusted : in places where the police were reluctant to go—if one gained their confidence, it was enough. In a network of alleys, demolished now, criminals used to escape from door to door and roof to roof uncaught, but, poor things, it was good to come into many an undeserved distress and suffering in their crowded, dark rooms, with water supply and everything else inadequate for health, almost for life. What a need there, and so often among the poor, for kind, independent intercourse with those who have had more advantages. To their praise I would say, that if treated in a friendly way, with respect and no patronizing, I have found no inclination on their part to be dependent or asking, but they have shown a noble spirit of gratitude and self-help, and desire to return kindness, all strengthening the happy intercourse it was a privilege to continue with the very poor and untaught.

DIARY, 1851-1860

In the early part of 1851 a great sorrow fell. Charlotte's very dear uncle, Sylvanus Fox, of Wellington, died suddenly at her home, where he had come with two of his daughters to see the Exhibition. "So happy was I

with dear uncle, enjoying his cheerful smiles," she wrote ; and the next day he was gone.

This sorrow, so closely shared, united her more than ever to her Wellington cousins.

In the journals of 1848-50, there are allusions to the struggle of renouncing beloved studies, which also would bring her credit among her friends, in order to secure more time for works of kindness, for prayer and communion with God : the Ragged School and the many duties of an only daughter and sister occupying her life very fully. In September, 1851, comes a change.

I can freely attend to my sweet home pursuits—French, English, reading, German, work, house-keeping, Ragged School. Feel more free for intellectual progress than I have felt for years and years. *All* my time must be given to God, but thankfully I feel *free* to give time now to these sweet, dear pursuits, and as thankfully acknowledge *it was indeed for the best*—every hour, every quarter that was denied them in many a past day and given to heaven, when that sweet feeling of freedom to do otherwise was *not* mine. Ah, thanks be unto God! But just strength enough have I, and have had, for these days. Where should I have been if alone, knowing still less of His heavenly truth?

1852. 4th mo. 10th.—My birthday—22. . . . Oh, dear! this opening of life. Scarcely can its close be more momentous to me. Oh, Lord! do Thou hold me as in Thy hand.

It was in the autumn of 1852 that Charlotte visited Italy, with her dear cousins the Foxes.

Shortly before starting.—Now, seriously, in this travelling let things be in their right place—right proportions, thy heart turned altogether first to heaven. Lose not this, or the joy is spoiled.

8th mo. 9th.—The last evening. Thus to leave, with delight in the thought of returning. Yes, a glow of pleasure on all, now, is the smile on my way. . . . Away! soon to enter on new scenes; the first gaze on this beautiful world. What ere I write again?

Christmas Day.—Four months have passed, rich with blessing. . . . I left for my happy and delightful journey abroad. Returned; and home seemed dearer and pleasanter than ever. That bright journey, too, adds pleasure to everything by its remembrances.

1852. *New Year's Eve.*—A year hath passed away. [A review of its chequered experience follows.] How happy I am, if hope in God through Jesus Christ is in me, and the sweet pursuits I feel as if I may and ought to follow are so delightful! "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away," might be my motto. . . . With the heart of a child or a schoolgirl I enjoy home, and all things that are untouched by sin. . . . May 1853 be a year given humbly and yielded to Jesus our Saviour, our eternal Friend. It is very touching to feel so happy and think what He suffered for us. There is a bitter contrast, too, in the grief of many, and, were it possible, I

long that for the poor lowest class of our city I might do something.

Mamma kindly was willing to go to the City Mission annual meeting. It greatly repaid us. . . . On the 10th, mamma went with me to see Mr. Jackson, the devoted and remarkable missionary [to thieves], in Old Gravel Lane. Delighted and thankful we left, after his service and prayers with his outcast guests.

This week I attended the Borough Road examination, Lord John Russell in the chair.

Went to the yearly meeting. I heartily enjoyed it. Large companies and pleasant ones at Plough Court.

Seventh day we went to hear Albert Smith's droll story, and in the afternoon to the Free Labour meeting; and how grieved I felt we had not told Mamma of the meeting, and she was disappointed. Oh! *think* for others.

Spent a day with Papa and Mamma at Ham House, walking hours in the garden with dear Samuel Gurney.

10th mo. 3rd.—Dear Henry Bewley came in to tea: Cor and S. J. were with us. How I enjoyed seeing him!

Notes of a long conversation follow. Mr. Bewley was evidently a moulding influence in Charlotte's life.

On third day, at J. B. Gough's eloquent and admirable lecture on "Habit." A dense fog after,

and we stopped short at dear old Plough Court and slept there.

Mr. Hanbury was asked to be one of the Friends who were to represent the Society in pleading with the Emperor of Russia for peace, but he did not see his way clear to accept the invitation. The shadow of the Crimean war lay heavily on the following years. In the summer of 1854 Charlotte paid her first visit to Germany—"three months alone." It was during this time that her first brave efforts on behalf of prisoners were made. Reviewing bygone years, she writes :

I think my Heavenly Father hath taught me sweet lessons: first stripped me, and made the things of the world as it were to be not—unloosened its bright things, then gave me kind friends that cheered me. . . . Then alone to Germany. He has indeed stretched out His hand and abundantly proved His blessing; but I am far behind; not fixed enough on Him alone; weaker than His will is for me. Oh, for a complete conformity to Thy most holy, perfect will!

12th mo. 20th.—A few back notes of the past three months. . . . One morning went forth reluctantly to see Dr. Steane, and talk with him about persecutions in Germany; but he received me so kindly I was quite happy with him.

11th mo. 3rd.—We all took tea at Charles Gilpin's, to meet Richard Cobden. How interesting to meet him whom so long ago I admired for his talents and convincing eloquence! and now his

conversation, stored-up information, and affability, simplicity and cheerfulness, were very pleasant.

14th.—Went to Tottenham, to C. Fowler's. A large party of Howards and Henry Fox's family to tea: so many lovely girls and young cousins, it was very pretty and pleasant.

12th mo. 8th.—E. and Anna Fox came, and we at once busily devoured *The Heir of Redclyffe*.

13th.—The Bishop of Natal (Colenso) came and preached a sermon in afternoon, and public meeting at seven. Fowell and Rachel Buxton to dine with us—the Bishop on his way home for a few minutes. All went off well and pleasantly. Dr. Colenso very attractive, interesting, and superior.

The list of engagements is bewildering. After paying visits she had longed to be "quietly at home." Near the close of 1854 she writes:

I am lazy, and feel weary often. Company and requests from one and another; I and my time are run away with.

Later.—I have been at home this year, and *where* is the quiet? My very soul longs for it. I *cannot* go on thus one six months to another, if at least it be God's will that greater rest may be mine. I think now we are quite still: it is time.

Christmas Day, 1854.—and—likely to be engaged all prosperously. 'How I do feel glad in their happiness! I shall never like any one. No wonder; past shadows reach very far. I can only

wish good wishes to those who were so kind, and whose regard I turned away from.

C. and S. J., cousins, and the three children dine with us, and we feel all so heartily glad and happy together.

1855. *2nd mo. 8th.*—A day of days. Deep in the wretchedness of the back of Rosemary Lane, etc. *This*, the lot of fellow-creatures, and I so comfortable! Oh, that God will direct aright the deep impression it has left on me! The winter wind now blows so cold, drifting the deep and falling snow.

1855. *6th mo. 16th.* — To-day I went with Christine Alsop to Buckingham Palace to see Madame Rollande. We waited long in her rooms. Then she came, and in a little while in came Prince Alfred looking the little gentleman, with a book under his arm, dressed in dark-blue jacket and white trousers. He looked shy at seeing me, a stranger perhaps; but when Prince Arthur came and I talked with him, and Princess Louise came, soon Prince Alfred chatted with me, and I was charmed with him for his intelligence and bright amiable manner. He sat near me, and Prince Arthur and Princess Louise stood by us. Prince Alfred answered my questions about Osborne and Scotland; told me how "Albert" had been shooting with "Papa," when he (Alfred) had last been to Bonchurch. I told him of the painting of him and the Prince of Wales salmon-spearing, and

he told me of having a cast made of his head, for which I narrated William's trouble in having a plaster cast made of himself. Then we talked of Ragged Schools, and I gave Prince Alfred some Indian beads, and etceteras to the others ; and as they longed for it, something for Princess Helena. Prince Arthur brought out their photographs and explained them, etc., with a charming politeness and pleasure in pleasing.

7th mo. 23rd.—The German persecuted Baptists have been in our hearts this week. We went to Sir Morton Peto's meeting—200 or 300 to hear and consider their sufferings. Lord Shaftesbury and Samuel Gurney and others spoke.

8th mo. 19th.—Henry Bewley here for the night, and other friends with us. They all attended our Bible Class, and H. B. spoke. . . . The thoughts especially before me since are : Not of a penny are we the proprietors ; not of an hour of our time the independent disposers.

1856. *2nd mo. 11th.*—I am in much difficulty from things to be done accumulating. They grow faster than my slow pace of getting through them, and it so tries me, and I am so late, so sleepy in rising in morning. This habit holds me like a stone ; it is a very hard one to break through. My life and heart want setting in order *indeed*, and to my Heavenly Father I look, who can and will subdue all things to Himself.

1856. *7th mo. 10th.*—A pleasant evening with

Madame Rollande; only I was so sorry to miss Prince Alfred by waiting and not entering her room at once. At the Palace watched the Queen and Princess of Prussia walking, and Princess Royal with Princess Louise of Prussia; so happy and lovely looked our Princess. Then Lord Alfred Paget rode up, and Prince Albert and the Prince of Prussia came. The horses stood, and servants and gentlemen. Quietly walked the Queen up and down, and lastly stepped to the carriage. Prince Albert and the Prince of Prussia preceded on horseback. The Prince of Wales was playing with his white dog, and the little Helena and Louise ran from the summerhouse joining him, Princess Alice walking with Miss Hilyard.

7th mo. 14th.—To-day I start for Switzerland. Oh, Lord, may we remain with Thee every hour of this trip. With extreme pleasure and gratitude I enter on it. . . . Now away for many a day to those dear mountains.

10th mo. 30th.—And a prosperous, happy, right joyous trip it was, with my dear companions, sunshine within and without me, unclouded pleasure, and a joy of heart and soul that was like the glee of childhood. Oh, what can I render for all Thy benefits?

On 5th of 9th month, 1856, I went with Mamma and William to Hastings for his thorough restoration from the scarlet fever. He was weakly,

and in ten days had symptoms of dropsy. Cor came and his good plans soon quite relieved William. Then we two rode on horseback, and William so enjoyed it. We drove with Mamma to Fairlight and Old Roar, and on 2nd day 10th month William and I walked to Ore church after a showery morning. Next day Mamma and I walked to Ecclesbourne Glen, and in the afternoon William and I rode. I had a beautiful horse, almost faultless, but he had a brute. Near the Infirmary off they went at an uncontrollable pace. "This is a runaway brute," said William; "he won't mind the curb. Whatever you do, don't follow me close." The people frightened the horses, already startled; but I thought we should soon stop. But no, mine I could not stop. The crowded parade excited them. We were fairly off for a run away—now to sit close to the saddle, flying at full gallop among the carriages. A smash was inevitable I saw, and pondered at the corner of Eversfield Place: could I do anything? Should I turn into the Square, or try to saw the horse's mouth, or draw him up by the path, or go on? Our lives might be at stake on the decision, and I looked for wisdom from above when my own was so vain. On, I was convinced, was best; and then the rest of one moment's prayer that in the name of Jesus no greater evil might befall us than was the will of my Heavenly Father. How happy the rest in Him that moment bounding on for certain peril.

It was enough, and fear seemed rested on His love and promises, and, I think I may say, felt presence. Oh, how can I thank my God for all His mercy and love to me a sinner? How precious, in such a moment, the racket and excitement around did not interfere with peace in Him! Could His words fail? They were my confidence when death or injury in a moment might be ours. Cheered in heart, I rode on with spirit, Miss Kilmansegge and John Gilpin flitting in my thoughts. I saw the carriage meeting us that struck and threw William, and I remember no more. Miss P. states it struck me, and I fell twenty yards after, a little way through the archway. The horses still galloped on. I was carried to the chemist's, but remember no more till feeling sick in my own bedroom, Miss P. and Mr. P. having brought me home in a fly, William going first to tell Mamma. I remember no distressing feelings, but wished for a bath, and could say little—some words I could scarcely say. The doctors were anxious about me; I had not one fear. I felt more comfort and rallying power than they knew of. Leeches, blisters, etc., were applied. By first and second day I revived rather, and steadily improved. Those days in my bedroom were pleasant, Swiss sketches on the walls, books and letters on my little table. I was a happy invalid; but when too long shut up, my spirits sank; and when I came downstairs, I could still regain no cheer-

fulness. Much depressed, I could have cried all day and night had I been alone; but I tried to make the least of it. No one knew how much suffering mental and physical it caused me. But when again I had long walks with William and wandered freely with him, I grew cheerful; my joyless heart grew happy; but it was pitiable suffering when I was a prisoner. On 10th month 19th William and I went to the Croft church, the service impressed me deeply. On 7th day William and I walked to the Dripping Well and Fairlight, and from then I was better. It was a clear sunny morning, beautiful to wander over those cliffs. These walks were pleasanter than ever with William after our danger together and his illness whilst I was abroad.

1857. *3rd month*.—On the 20th Isabella Tylor and I spent an evening with dear Madame Rolande. We saw Princess Helena, talked a little with her; I gave her some flowers from Nazareth, she soon followed us to the bedroom, and chatted over the fire alone with us very brightly about Prince Alfred, Switzerland, etc. Then Prince Arthur came for his tea, entering with his pretty, dignified, graceful, childish yet decided air, his manner so gentle and earnest. Prince Leopold came for a while, and told us of the ladies' pink dress and skeleton petticoat that had so pleased him in the shop windows, and how his sister's hair had just been dressed for going to the theatre.

He kissed us on going, and then repeated many bows before succeeding in one good enough. Prince Arthur came in and out—as usual having his little Scotch dress—now a small mourning plaid.

In December, 1856, there had been a touching entry confessing the intense desire to learn music, and how this, like all her longings, was taken “home to the Saviour.” Later entries show that it was in a measure gratified, to her great enjoyment for a time, though it seems to have been crowded out again by the multitude of claims and pursuits. The following entry seems, from later allusions, to apply to this.

My heart heals. I could wish for——yet ought I to *wish*? Is not all in a Father’s hand? If given, may I meekly feel bound as His child to our Heavenly Father. If refused, may His grace fill my heart, and let willing cheerfulness prevail—a right spirit. Oh, either way, may a right spirit be in me, His Holy Spirit. I feel these little things unduly; but how precious that the heart’s feelings He regards!

1857. 5th mo. 24th.—The music is a great pleasure, comfort and gladness to me. How I should be thankful! . . . I am so foolish. I am longing eagerly to ride on horseback at Bradford, and fear Papa’s terror of it. Oh, how glad I shall be if allowed! if not, may I meekly accept what comes, and seek to please our Heavenly Father.

7th mo. 23rd.—I have been to Bradford, have ridden on horseback three times to my great de-

light, and now, to-day, is there not every prospect of my having a piano for our Wellington home! More than this [here follows a list of friendships either newly made or deepened]. But the piano! May every look at it, every enjoyment of it, say how I am called to *live* to my Lord. Everything calls me to Him—the treasures of joy in His word and promises, in our future hope, the riches of daily having His care and pouring out our hearts to Him. “If ye love Me, keep my commandments.” Oh, may I love Him more and more continually!

The year 1858 brought a great change in the removal from Stoke Newington and all its ties—her brother and his family close at hand—to Ford, near Wellington. Life in a small village was a contrast indeed to all that had gone before, though a large circle of dear cousins and friends were near. At first the loneliness was felt, but very soon the country life became more congenial than any other to Charlotte. And if intercourse with the nearest and dearest was less frequent, it was enjoyed far more at leisure in delightful holiday visits.

1858. *4th mo.*—Dear Cor spent a week with us. It was a very great enjoyment having him. How I more and more realize it is riches to have such a brother. Where is his like?

1859.—And now the dear old year is gone. What a *refreshing* year. How congenial is our niche here!

Undated.—Two weeks ago S. J. and her three children left us, and two days after off went all

the Linden cousins to Nice. My heart sank. Many a bitter tear, many a sob, was not to be betrayed to others.

3rd mo. 18th.—Sunday I attended the chapel, and began to feel dear Ettie opened out. What a blessing given me in her as a friend! Does not the Lord indeed provide? And then we rode on horseback, and my pining wishes to ride, how joyously were they fulfilled!

For some years there had been tokens that while still remaining with Friends, and deeply attached to them, Charlotte gradually ceased to feel bound to them. In 1864 she was baptized by Rev. Baptist Noel, but she continued regularly to attend Friends' Meeting on Sunday mornings with her parents as long as there was one within her reach. She never left them. Apparently she neither left nor joined any Christian body, content to belong to "the blessed company of *all* faithful people." At the time when Brethrenism wore the dew of its youth she was helped exceedingly by some of its holiest adherents. Robert Chapman, who survives her, was to her life's end one of her most valued friends; but she had friends in every branch of the great family, none more dear than those belonging to the Church of England, of which her brother and all his family became members.

1860. *5th mo. 3rd.*—Oh, to be humble, deeply *humble*! What joy just now glows over all things . . . Once more one of my little earnest wishes seems to be given—"I want to go and see dear Count von der Recke, but can see no way." Now, on my asking Cor's approval, he said "Yes." How I wish it—how I *do*, if so allowed! Oh,

how delightful to pour out our hearts to the Lord! Three months, and shall I go to my dear old friend? What a dear romance! If a little child, not more would my heart beat with delight . . .

And now William and Cor, Papa and Mamma, all consent to our German trip.

6th mo. 10th.—William consents to go to Cra-schnitz.

12th mo. 8th.—This evening I returned home, and indeed what a story of love from our heavenly Father since I closed this book! Has He not led us, been with us, and will ever be? Wherefore trust Him and thank Him for ever. *Be-loved Count von der Recke*—my deep, heart-felt desire to be with him again when I *may*—I would commit to my heavenly Father: His will, reverently, and not mine be done.

V

GERMANY

IT was after returning home from that most pleasant time in Germany with my brother William, in 1854, one night when alone my eye fell on a printed account of distress and fever desolating the estates of the Count von der Recke Volmerstein. Pondering it by the fireside till midnight, I felt that out of gratitude for enjoyment in the country I ought to aid these sufferers—a decision made in an hour, but involving patient work for many years. Our next journey to Germany (1860) was to visit him and his family at Craschnitz in Silesia; my brother, however, wishing to linger on the way, and to make many expeditions on horseback, weeks went by in scouring the forests round Berlin, or the beautiful country of Saxe Weimar, or in other directions as he chose. At last we reached the home of the beloved Count Adelbert von der Recke Volmerstein, wonderful in the power of his influence pervading it throughout—the Countess, their four sons and four daughters all sharing in his bright Christian life.

The calm and peace, and the great joy in our

arriving, joined with the marvellous spell of interest here, made an overflow of things heavenly, and lovely things of earth. When called to evening prayers in the vine-covered "Prayer Salon" with the family and household and people of the estate, the moonlight streaming through the leaves around the windows, the exquisitely pathetic singing, and the deeply felt words of the Count, were all heart-thrilling. He was notably charming in conversation and social life, and now had great delight in bringing me into his past and present years and into his absorbing interests. Often when riding over his beautiful forest land he would stop his horse, filled with enthusiasm in the subjects we talked of; then, briskly continuing our grassy way, his heart-stirring thoughts flowed on till the moon was lighting up the trees and many lakes we rode around.

Forty-two ponds were on the estate, the larger ones having the appearance and dimensions of lakes. During three years they produced multitudes of good fish: these were then caught, the water was run off to the next pond, and the one now becoming dry was sown with grain, making a rich harvest for three years, until it returned to a fish pond. The wild deer fed around the banks, also a little herd of untrained horses; and water-fowl innumerable made their nests in the reedy shallows.

A bowery road with over-hanging trees surrounded each pond, where the shooting parties

drove in a long, light carriage drawn by four quick horses unshod, the ladies taking sketch books and provisions for all, the gentlemen in their forest suits, stowing in bags, rifles, and ammunition, needed for the scenes of teeming life we reached—the house-keeping being not a little sustained here by the wild creatures shot on these lovely lands.

When starting a large riding party, if an extra horse were needed, one from the young untrained herd was sometimes caught for me—the Count kindly saying, “The dear Charlotte can handle it,” only exchanging my little riding whip for a stout, effective stick, while the merry young companions laughingly exclaimed, “You can be the Count’s roughrider.”

But it was in quiet rides alone with the Count von der Recke, and in hours of undisturbed intercourse, that his memorable conversations and most genial company were the greatest pleasure.

If on the way we met with a little boy in the forests, we drew up for a friendly talk with him, the Count telling him of the love of Christ, and asking about his home and school, etc. No one was forgotten; each opportunity for kind, sympathizing words was fully taken; it was a reality of Christian life and love all the day through.

One subject of our talks was, Should he carry out a desire he cherished to build a house for suffering and idiot children? “God has given me the faith, and I am responsible to Him to use it,” he would

say, while I was pondering a sea of obstacles ; but at last seeing he was bent on it, and believing he was right, I said in one of our forest rides, " Well ! if it is to be done, it *shall be done* ! " and stopping his horse, according to German custom we shook hands, a silent indissoluble ratifying of our agreement ; then cantered on fast, as we also went boldly on into our stream of difficulties for years.

But all the dear Count's thoughts proved true beyond his brightest expectations. He would say, " I think my daughter S—— will take care of the work when I am not living." I listened only, for that daughter was caring about all other things—a talented, attractive girl, far from devoted to any such work ; but all was realized, and she is now gladly the head of the large institution containing nearly a thousand inmates.

In founding the institution he now undertook to build, all kinds of trial of faith were involved ; but it steadily prospered, and my dear friend's hopes were far more than fulfilled. He had long been used to trials of faith, but it was new to me in so large a work, and was an invaluable experience, cost what it might at the time. " My dear English visitor is looking very pale this morning," he would say to me, little imagining that instead of sleeping I had been thinking about apparently serious difficulty in our work. In the early days we scarcely had funds to build the walls. When the Count would ask, " Will you ride out with me to order more bricks

for the building?" my "Yes" was given, also remembering that we could hardly pay for our bricks already. But my friend was fixed in faith and in zeal, and the work is now spreading out in results of untold blessing.

He had been beloved by each successive monarch of his country since he was grown up to manhood, and though he himself had passed away when the present Emperor of Germany made a visit in the neighbourhood of the institution of which this was the commencement, His Majesty gave command that similar establishments should be made for suffering children throughout his empire.

It was a charming life in the Craschnitz Castle, with many a trace of bygone times. The highly accomplished ladies excelled in music and singing, in tasteful works of art and needlework, and in languages and literature, while their direction in every department of the large household was as complete as if it were their special care. Welcomed at Court and beloved in cottages, no life was too great or too small for them.

When one of these daughters was first received at the Prussian Court, the King said, "Oh, my dear child, I have so long wished to see you!" and she had tea in the garden with the King and Queen, an amiable innovation in the frequently unalterable customs of royalty.

The standard at Craschnitz of a gentleman's character was, "Is he a true knight?" No sur-

roundings or position could weigh in this ; the decision was absolute, and without appeal. We sometimes brought up the subject of "the divine right of kings," leading to many an earnest conversation, and also bringing out their deep love to king and country. If an insurrection took place in Poland, firearms were prohibited among the inhabitants, and the wolves, having a free time, wandered to the neighbouring woods of Craschnitz to make havoc among the deer.

The gentlemen, being enthusiastic sportsmen, often spent the clear winter nights in pursuit of large game. In our forest rides we sometimes came to a little grass hut, and the Count would remark, "In that little hut my son Leopold has spent a hundred nights watching for the wild animals."

During the happy home evenings these gentlemen often arranged hunting gear of bags and nets in a charming, picturesque fashion, in the drawing room, while the bright circle of ladies and the Count and Countess conversed or read aloud, until some of the whole musical family delighted the rest with rarely good music and singing. The Count brought the most absorbing interest into these evenings, rejoicing in a new book or lively conversation and music, his wonderful gift of spreading around him a joyous inspiring influence filling these social hours.

Sometimes we spoke of his early life, when a

boy. During the wars of the first Napoleon, his sympathy was aroused for sufferers. In his father's stately castle, the benevolent zeal of the young son was an innovation, but he was irresistible in his younger and older days, and all gave way to his deep conviction of what God called him to do. No suggestions of insurmountable difficulty could check the purpose he had laid upon his heart.

It was very remarkable how the results of his Christian benevolence when quite young were a joy to him in older years. He used to say when aged, "It is the young heart in the old body," and certainly in his joyous converse and companionship the inner gladness of soul, and brightness, belonged to youth rather than to declining life. He loved to speak of things of heaven and of the time when he would be called there, and now that he is no more in this world, an endless blessing goes with all that he accomplished.





"THE FIRS," WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

VI

THE BLACKDOWN HILLS

DIARY 1862-1869

THE visit to Craschnitz brought one important and unexpected result—an attachment sprang up between William Hanbury and Maria, eldest daughter of Count von der Recke, leading eventually to their betrothal and marriage—a precious link with the beloved family at Craschnitz. While this was pending, it naturally occupied much of Charlotte's thoughts, and finds a place in her diary, always with the ever-recurring burden of her desire that the will of the Lord be done.

Ford, *April 10th*, 1862. To-day I am thirty-two. . . . Here sits by me my beloved mother. Oh, what a treasury of happiness is there in her being here to talk with, sit with, live with!

Good Friday. This day, in 1861, William and I walked and gathered primroses and violets for Maria in the morning.

April 28th. My last, last night with my beloved brother in our own home.

July 31st. It is my dear William's wedding-day. Truly, what hath God wrought! Thankfulness fills my heart, yet trembling joy. Dear S. J.

and all her seven are with us. Cor is at Craschnitz for the wedding. It has been a deeply felt day. At half-past five I harnessed the pony and rode to the valleys below Clayhidon. [At family worship] Mamma offered beautiful and touching prayer for "her beloved son," and on the transaction of the day. My dear parents so felt all about dear William and Maria, Father feeling so sweet and comforting an impression this morning; we could hardly separate after breakfast for talking of them.

This evening our cousins from Linden came. Dear Carrie played us several pieces, and Freddy sang "Childhood's Hours," and we had a happy evening. And now life is enriched with a beloved sister, thanks be to my Lord; a beloved brother made happy, and I so rich in gaining her!

Dec. 31st. [After thankful retrospect]. . . . Here comes in little Freddy. He is a dear good boy, with a joyous, loving disposition. We play at chess and are great friends.

May 7th, 1863. It is William's birthday. Here he and dear Maria sit by me in the dining-room, he chatting with weary eyes after his terrible accident in letting off fireworks.

Aug. 9th. The last Sunday at the dear home before I go to France and Switzerland.

The beloved parents are so sorry I go; it is very hard for me.

Just now some of our dear village people at Clayhidon are to be baptized. May the presence

and blessing of our Lord be with them and abide with them.

Good Friday, 1864. The evening is to be spent with those bright, happy cottagers who have found Jesus and Heaven.

My birthday. My arm broken in two or three places through the bite of my horse. What a new kind of day! But oh, I am so happy to-day! I was down and sad-hearted, not for the arm—more for other griefs; then came my good friend Brealey, and helped me to see that *nothing* is for evil to us. . . . Certainly I do rejoice in his year here—my chaplain, dear Mamma calls him.

June 11th. To-morrow I go to Folkestone, then London.

Oct. 20th. And again back to the beloved home. What blessings has God given—happy fellowship with beloved friends, joining closer to His Church by Baptism and the Holy Communion, a beloved friend in dear Mr. Pennefather, kind friends in Mr. Mackenzie and Baptist Noel, such joyous weeks with dear Cor and S. J., friendship with others, and even a pony in the stall!

This pony was a very important addition to her life, enabling her to ride or drive over the hills at pleasure, visiting the poor cottagers for whom she did and felt so much.

Nov. 30th. More and more my Linden cousins are beloved as dear sisters and brothers to me. This day week Edward Tylor and I rode together.

How I did enjoy to be with him! We crossed on to the rough heath, cantering—no, trotting carefully—when, to my horror, down went his horse before me, and Edward I could not see. All the worst rushed to my mind—he was rolled on, bones broken, hurt never to recover; but he jumped up. “Oh! are you hurt?” I could hardly ask for the mortal terror of the moment; but he smiled and shook himself, and said, “Oh, no! not at all,” and with the most thankful heart I turned with him home.

Christmas Day. The servants sing in the kitchen, with the holly and mistletoe all round, and holly in the dining-room all telling of the happy Christmas time—I almost think happier than ever before.

Feb. 5th, 1865. To-day is the birthday of Mr. Pennefather, my beloved friend. He *is* a help; it is an added responsibility to have so dear, so heavenly a friend.

On Friday I drove the pony to Hole. Had tea at R——’s nice cottage round the wood fire—interesting talk, happy hearts, kind hospitality—it was very pretty. . . . It is so interesting to join these honest country folks in their fresh, unsophisticated life. Well may Thackeray say, “Rare is the working-man’s friendship.”

Good Friday. This week has been so full I could not even write on my birthday. I walked to church. Very touching were the sung psalms; very

dull sermon. Rode with E——. Oh for grace to be as He wills to my dear companions!

Another year comes, but it is a part of the eternity of dwelling in His love.

Shall I ask in this year for seeing my beloved Count Recke? This, too, let it be simply in my dear Lord's hand, and *every* other want or blessing that my heart spreads before the Lord.

June 2nd. To-day my dear, dear Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather have left us—beloved friends, I miss them. . . .

And one more wonder. Oh, can it be this year leads me again to dear Count von der Recke, beloved Selma, beloved little Adelbert, and my brother and sister? Yes, my dear Lord has done it.

June 19th. Ford,—dear beloved home that we leave this week. I am sorry to leave it, though content to go to the Hill. But it is a dear, happy, sunny place.

Undated. It is the first day here on the dear old hill. Oh, it is very happy and very peaceful! What a lovely morning! The sheep scampered into the garden, and I after them, in muslin and winds, then walked past the monument and home by six. After breakfast rode to Ford, and then packed right hard.

Nov. 25th. Last Tuesday night I returned to the beloved home after a journey overflowing with blessing. In London saw Mr. and Mrs. Penne-

father and Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell ; and then most beloved Count von der Recke, and also Dr. Wichern—all have been so kind to me.

For years past the growing family of spiritual children on the Blackdown Hills had been taking a larger and larger place in Miss Hanbury's heart, and after the removal to The Firs, she had, to the full, the joy beyond all others of seeing souls around her won to Christ. The story is told in a few lines in her reminiscences : but one soul would cost her often weeks and months of prayers and effort ; the bitterness, the anguish of failure, or of seeing a hopeful one go back, the resolve never to let him go, finally the joy with the angels over the sinner brought home.

April 10th, 1866. My birthday. It is different from all others—more blessed, as if God were so really here—here, saving others from death, and here, bringing me much nearer, closer home in abiding with Jesus.

New Year's Eve. I had meant to do much with the dear Hill people, but a chill in the pony-chaise on Christmas Eve, and a broken tooth, gave me a week at home—a good rest. . . . Now Papa comes to read from Bogatzky.

Dec. 31st, 1869. No writing here this year—no, it could not be. My beloved father is entered where by faith we see him. Paper and ink say it not, nor say his joy when nearly entering there, and our being so wonderfully upheld in almost feeling as if accompanying him rather than being left

behind here. Our hearts rest in Jesus, and He is greatly filling our lives.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

FROM the stream of pleasant things near London we removed in 1858 to Ford, near Wellington, Somerset, into the midst of a very happy, congenial circle of relatives and friends. Seven years later (1865), we went to The Firs, on the ridge of the Blackdown Hills, between Devon and Somerset, near to the Duke of Wellington's monument—a solitude looking 50 miles away over lovely scenes, with Wellington, our nearest town, three miles distant in the valley below.

The rustic population on the other side were wildly lawless. Highwaymen and sheep-stealers, poachers, and other criminals lived in the beautiful wilds. Some of the clergy had told me the state of the country people, and that their need was such, it could not be overtaken. I felt there was something we had to do, but waited. A dying young soldier needed time, and meanwhile a cottager on a hill top perished, sadly too little cared for.

After some time a gentleman earnestly wished that a well-known evangelist—George Brealey—should come and seek the good of these people, and soon after his arrival began a remarkable work among the darkest and most lawless, many of whom were turned to an entirely altered life.

Before he came, I often took long rides over the

hills to become acquainted with the condition of these country folks, and pondering what we ought to do for them.

It was a strange feeling to start out, not knowing where I was going, only with a charming horse ready for anything, and a folding map which terrified him when I opened it out. We traversed hills and vales like two companions. In a grassy valley, finding no quarters for him, I pushed and coaxed him into a shed adjoining the dame's school of the district, going on foot to explore the country, but first looking at the important, only school of the place. On little forms in the darkest of rooms sat some children; under the forms were chickens running about; in front of all sat a tall idiot, and ready for each occasion was an imposing birch rod in the hands of the elderly dame. Among a few general enquiries, I asked if the children learned to write, but with a look of lively scorn over so needless a question, the mistress exclaimed, "No! nobody wants writing here!" As hers was the only school, and she was mistress of the education of the neighbourhood, I saw I must act quietly, and promising to return I went walking on. In her wonder and alarm she hastened to a farmer's wife to consult her whether a witch had come, saying, "The lady has gone, but the horse is left!" Dear old dame of the school, she fiercely protested against school innovations for years, but in her later life begged

to hear about the love of God and His salvation offered to her, and after all her dimness and hot temper she awoke to divine grace, and passed away from this world in peace and joy.

The school was typical of the state of the inhabitants of the valley, who were singularly shut off in indifference to better things, and living only for this world. Sometimes in winter, ice and snow completely filled the lanes, even preventing supplies of food reaching them.

The opportunity arose for an excellent Christian man (E. Denne) with a model wife and family to come and live there, and they soon won the confidence and love of all, and it became a happy valley where many clergymen and gentlemen from a distance delighted to go and meet the warm-hearted people who had become deeply responsive to every good thing. Thirteen miles away was a wilder spot on a bleak hill, abounding in unchecked crime. Every Sunday afternoon there was a fight to amuse the rustics, or they thought it a dull day. "There isn't a crime that I haven't done," said one of them to me; "I have not murdered anyone, but it was in my mind to do it"; and others were equally sunk in evil. We took a house known as a robbers' place, and there, through the blessing given from above, among those lawless people a great change took place, and the character of the neighbourhood was entirely altered. Children

and adults alike came into another life, the policeman said he had "nothing more to do," and from this uncouth waste some have gone forth to be the centres of similar blessings elsewhere.

Years went by of patient loving work among these dear country people. We lived in mutual confidence and friendly attachment; they were free to ask me anything or tell me any trouble, but much to their praise they had no spirit of dependence or seeking aid, although their poverty was so extreme, we had to take active measures for them collectively. Seven shillings a week, with a cottage full of children and rent to pay, and wages received in articles often of damaged, poorest quality, and even these delayed, was the state of my poor friends; but by helping many to emigrate the whole scale of payment was raised among those who remained.

We had a cheery, quaint old woman, "Sally," who was better off than most, and would give us a hearty welcome to her dim cottage with climbing plants flowering around the porch; her cow and good garden and live stock telling of some means for all this comfort. But her ill-gotten gains came from her long association with a band of highwaymen, two of whom were seized and executed at a neighbouring town. Sally had been the wife of three who were each in succession transported for

life, and when we found her she was married to a most notable drunkard ; but James her husband was intelligent, and as he listened to the Gospel he also received it heartily, and he ceased from evil and delighted in the new life he had found. "James do sit here," said old Sally, "with that new big Bible he have got, and he do burn up a whole candle in an evening reading it." His old companions came asking him to play cards with them, but he said, "No ; when Jesus Christ came into the house the cards went out" ; and so the two held on their way. Sally, less intelligent but quite turned to another life, was unspeakably glad if we came to her dim chimney corner with its fire arms still hung around, and if we told her more of the love and the blessings given to us from the Lord.

There were others who had been sheep-stealers, poachers, and coiners of false money, thieves and lawless people and reported witches, amazing evil-doers to find in their remote nooks. None were too bad for Divine grace to bring out of these depths of evil into everlasting life. It was a joy to be used to rescue the worst, and we often met in unbounded thankfulness to Him who had worked such wonders. One feature of our happy intercourse was the freedom from all trace of patronising these country folks, who became our friends, interested in our welfare as sincerely as we were in theirs. We were literally in the midst of a loving,

independent, industrious peasantry, association with whom was a mutual pleasure and benefit. One W. R., whom we found quite untaught, possessing only one shirt, and in constant quarrels and fights with his brother, perseveringly learned to read, was extremely intelligent, became a true Christian man and so able to be useful to others that when he spoke to the villagers, all valued it and felt the deep impressiveness of his words.

Sometimes our lonely house was brought into danger by the surrounding furze-clad country catching fire, and if not beaten out it was liable to extend to the trees adjoining. In such an emergency the cottagers willingly left everything and made the greatest exertions on our behalf, occasionally continuing to work until far into the night.

It was pleasant that some of the clergy and ministers around acknowledged the change and improvement in many lives and homes, and we also recognised the good results of the visits of an excellent man, Solomon Loney, who had been previously employed by my Uncle Fox and his family to visit among these wild districts. These dear country people, who were scattered over many miles on every side, had a great advantage in the kind intercourse and interest of guests who stayed with us, who would delight in calling them together in different spots and telling them of heavenly things, or would look in for happy little visits at their cottages. It was thus a very beautiful blending of

the most cultivated with those who had been the most ignorant, but they became so exceedingly bright and interesting, and they remained so modestly unassuming that our dear friends with increasing pleasure enjoyed meeting them. Some of these excellent ministers and gentlemen used to say, "I have never seen anything like this work or people, so earnest and intelligent." . . . "Let me have all the time you can with them." Their simplicity and whole-heartedness charmed strangers.

When the Abyssinian war took place I told these Christian country folks of the imminent danger of the European prisoners held by King Theodore, and especially of the peril of Dr. Stern, at whose house I had seen his anxious family. They constantly said, "God can defend the prisoners and save them—we must pray to Him"; and when I brought them word that this danger was increased, they said, "Oh! we do not look at the danger, we trust God—the dangers are nothing to Him," and their prayers and confidence in Him only increased, while the overwhelming risks every hour to the prisoners shut out all hope but to such faith. The very commander of the campaign said its success belonged to answered prayer. When Dr. Stern reached England after his release from dreadful sufferings, he quickly came to us, and told our country neighbours of the times in his shocking imprisonment when inner joy was more than all the

pain, and of the marvellous turning aside of King Theodore's purpose to slaughter all the prisoners. Such answers to prayer abounded, often causing us to meet on those lonely hills with overflowing joy and thankfulness.

VII

MEN AND WOMEN

I. REV. W. PENNEFATHER

DURING the last nine years of the life of the Rev. W. Pennefather we were thrown closely together in intimate association, allowing me to enjoy exceedingly his highly cultivated mind and genial intercourse. I was frequently with him and Mrs. Pennefather at Mildmay, and they came to me on the Blackdown Hills, where our restful country life allowed Mr. Pennefather a complete cessation from his ordinary work. He had untiring pleasure in driving among the Devonshire lanes, and used to say it was one ideal not previously realized to become acquainted with this county. So great was his pleasure among the flowers and the insects on our way that he was continually stopping and going after them until Mrs. Pennefather would exclaim, "William, if you are so long with those dragonflies we shall miss our train!"

In one of these expeditions we met a country woman heavily laden with articles she was carrying. Mr. Pennefather would not pass her by, but asking

her to take his place with her bundles, he walked up the hill, saying many kind words to her on the way. Then drawing up on a grassy space under trees, and saying, "It is no accident that we have met this woman," he knelt in earnest prayer for her, and we had to bid her good-bye and continue our drive.

Again and again his words were made a great blessing to the people around.

When visiting the cottagers, as he often did, he asked me to take him to see Sally S——, who had been the wife of three highwaymen. He sat down by the former evil-doer and paid her a true pastor's visit, to her great joy.

His cheerfulness in this life on the hills pervaded all our days. He would come down to breakfast singing a favourite hymn on the stairs, and in the same happy spirit would drive to some remote valley to meet the country people.

In a similar kind of life we spent a little while together at the seaside, also bringing out his delight in the beautiful scenes around.

The following letter was written to me after one of his visits :—

"THE EARL OF CAVAN'S,

"WESTON-SUPER-MARE,

"*June 5th, 1866.*

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—

"How much have we thought of and spoken about you since we parted! and how vividly, as we this

afternoon travelled southward, have the happy days of 'Blackdown' life come before us! We *could* wish, were it not wrong to do so, that we were on our way to you, and to all the kindness that we know would await us on The Hills: but our Heavenly Father leaves us nothing *really* to wish for; He so evidently guides us day by day, and so sweetly shines on our path, that we *dare not say* 'that we wish for this or that,' that He has not seen fit to give. Still, my very dear friend, our hearts *do* very gratefully and very affectionately turn to you and to the inmates of your most hospitable home; and we may, without sinful repining, long for another peep at you all. The Lord fill you with His grace, and cause His smile continually to cheer you!

"We had a most enjoyable drive this morning by Westbury. I saw the old School House there, where, upwards of thirty years ago, God was pleased to teach me to love Him and to prize His Word. There a few of us were wont to meet to study the Word of God. I believe of that little band, whom the Lord taught to love His Name, not one remains on earth except myself! and I should think that at that time there was not one so delicate as the writer of these lines! Truly God's ways are past finding out. Oh! what mercies have followed me since 1832, when I first went to Westbury, having left Gloucestershire! Many a prayer indited by the Lord *has* received an abundant answer. I remember well praying earnestly as I

walked across the Downs between Westbury and Clifton that God would use me for His glory. What *He* has been to me these thirty-four years I cannot find words to express. May He give the grace, for the little time yet allotted to me, to serve Him more faithfully. Pray for me that I may walk more humbly and earnestly.

“Ever your affectionate and grateful

“W. PENNEFATHER.”

A few extracts from a later letter have special interest because it was written very shortly before his translation to the Heavenly Home :—

“MELFORD LODGE,

“MUSWELL HILL, N.,

“*February 21st, 1873.*

“MY BELOVED FRIEND,—

“I have again and again thanked you with *my mind* (though my pen has failed to do so) for your loving letter to me on the 5th of this month. That day (to me an eventful one) I was a prisoner in my room, and since then I do not know what has come over me, but I have been very much laid aside, so that at last we have come here to this little house provided for us by our Heavenly Father. It is always a great pleasure to come here (when we can find means of doing so), for I feel that in a peculiar sense *the Lord* gave it to us, and His presence is felt here.

“I suppose your dear nieces will soon be return-

ing home after their delightful sojourn with you. They will tell us of you and your dear mother and of the dear Hill people. I often think of them as the 'poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom.' What an eternal inheritance shall be theirs! a kingdom of which Christ is the King, a kingdom worthy of His acceptance, holy, of unlimitable extent and unfading glory. How little idea have they of that kingdom of which they are now heirs! . . .

"Will you ask for me that I may wait upon the Lord, and so renew my strength. . . .

"'Because Thou hast been my help, therefore under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.'

"Believe me, my beloved friend, to remain

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"WILLIAM PENNEFATHER."

II. ROBERT C. CHAPMAN.

In 1865 Mr. Robert C. Chapman came to visit us at The Firs. His sympathy and earnest Christian life were a great joy to each one of us. From that time we continued in intimate association. A few years afterwards I went to stay with him at Barnstaple. Saying that I wished particularly not to interrupt his time and constant engagements, he replied, "Do not fear about that, we have plenty of time for all the Lord would have us do, and no more," adding that "although we have no more, we have always enough for doing His Will." Mr.

Chapman was a friend of my father's, and we had many cousins and relations in common. From this time I was accustomed to pay a visit to him every year, and when possible he came to us on the Hills, saying smilingly, "There are 365 holidays in the year; but if anything is more completely a holiday, it is being at The Firs." With much pleasure he joined in our country trips, driving among Devonshire valleys. Thus I took him one summer afternoon through lovely scenery, while he told me much about his boyhood. He was devoted to his mother, whose company was his greatest pleasure. It was a matter of entire indifference to him who was present at the table or who was absent, as long as *she* was there. She was a lady of influence and decided character, and her conversation was her son's great delight. Others in the home party used to say, "Robert is a philosopher, Robert won't do much." He listened to what were declared to be his incapacities, and believed what he heard, and it hindered the development of his talents. Thus, he was told he could not sing, but later in life his very beautiful voice and marked ability were known to all his friends. He was an excellent student, and he admits that he was a learned youth, modestly adding, "I would not say a learned man." At sixteen he turned his earnest attention to the study of the Bible, and continued this with such diligence for four years that he gained a thorough acquaintance with the whole book. Then its subjects began

to impress his heart, and in a year or more his deep Christian life began. He had the best of prospects opening up before him as a young lawyer, but he saw so plainly that he was called to a different course, that he relinquished his profession. We can only touch on a few points of his wonderful life, marked as it is by entire humility, together with remarkable acquirements and intellectual power. In his travels abroad he can easily preach in five languages. The country of Spain was specially on his heart in the days when it was closed to Bibles and Protestant teaching. He then walked through the length and breadth of the land with a pack on his back of the forbidden Scriptures, often looked upon as a holy man, tolerated for his most genial manners and influence. At considerable intervals he repeated these visits to Spain, perfectly sure that, in answer to prayer, the country would become entirely open to the Gospel, though he saw it closed at every point.

It was a remarkable part of his home-life, that although he had been brought up in wealth and luxury, he did not keep his fortune, or give his time to making an income, but living in a simple fashion his heart went out to receive those around him to whom he could be a help and comfort. Thus for thirty years I found him surrounded with visitors whom he delighted to welcome from various quarters of the world, and the intercourse and spirit prevailing in this home company was most interesting

and enjoyable. Mr. Chapman came from his quiet hours of prayer and meditation filled with heavenly subjects and sympathy, keeping up genial conversation with his guests.

In several little journeys which I took with him, it was very beautiful to see how his courteous, kind manner gained the goodwill of each one with whom he came in contact. Thus they gladly listened to his conversation, on whatever subject it might be. When sometimes we had a long drive, the various topics on which he dwelt were full of lively interest. He used to tell me much of Italian literature and notable people of Italy, as well as history in other countries; indeed his fund of literary knowledge distinguished him, independently of his great spirituality. "Look at everything in the light of eternity," he used to say, as different circumstances arose, and in his advanced years he would say, "We apprehend what we do not comprehend." Often when he came in smiling to the breakfast table he would ask us the question, "Can you tell me how many are your mercies?" Also he would ask me, "What is the worth of ten minutes?" A clergyman called one day to speak with him on the subject of reading the Scriptures. After a while he asked Mr. Chapman, "How much time ought I to have for this?" He replied, "I want so much time that the peace of God shall be always ruling in my heart." Sometimes he would say, "I have had a large congregation this morning," and on enquiring

who they were, he answered, "One little boy in the street." He set great value on having one small listener, and spared no pains in his kindness to children. Indeed, whether the noble of the land, or poor, obscure people came to him, they were received with equally warm welcome.

Whilst enjoying interesting days with him, he would frequently say he wished me to be often in the open air in the country, adding, "She's always thinking, and ought to be out of doors in perfect quiet." Thus, when intending to make a pleasant little journey with him, I relinquished it for a sailing expedition to Wales, Mr. Chapman carrying my little pack for the cruise, he so warmly approved it. At another time when I suggested going to Clovelly and Bude, he heartily assented. At Bude I had a great desire to walk along the coast, avoiding coaches and high roads. Finding a little route-book at the only general shop, I felt equipped and set out, soon finding that the cliffs were so broken with rivers and creeks, that it was no easy land to pass over. Still it was a beautiful day and I went on gladly. At length, meeting an honest Cornish peasant of whom I enquired the direction, and whether any desirable little hotel could be found, he told me to go through certain woods, crossing the river at the bottom, and out into the open country, continuing for some distance, and at last I should come to a cottage where I could sleep.

This was a sufficiently quiet, contemplative walk. Evening was fast coming on, when I saw a little house, and hoped it might be the one I sought. I entered the dim sitting-room, but saw no one; so placed my little pack on the table with the decided intention of going no further. Presently a pleasant woman, who was passing by, came in with a basket of eggs, which she also placed upon the table, and we entered into a sociable chat, I telling her of notable persons she wished to hear of, until she stopped me by saying, "I think you've been well brought up." I replied, "We always had good people about us when we were children." "I should think so!" she said, and our conversation continued. She then asked if I remained there for the night—would I come to her for breakfast in the morning? Seeing that politeness required it I assented. Our room was now decidedly dark when the mistress came in, and I told my story of wishing to sleep there. She said I might do so, and I determined to be pleased with whatever accommodation or fare belonged to the house. I slept soundly, and rose fresh for the beautiful morning, soon having to go to breakfast with the woman of the eggs. Her provision of many pies on board tables was formidable to see, but I diligently used my powers to please my kind hostess, who at last had woke up to the thought of having invited an unusual guest, and apologised for the liberty she had unwittingly taken. Putting that all aside we continued our very happy,

friendly intercourse, until I with great joy went out on to the open moor and resumed my journey for some days, returning finally to good Mr. Chapman.

III. THE EARL OF CAVAN

When the late Earl of Cavan brought me into the interests of his life, it was an experience of his unbounded amiability and a continual refreshment in his inspiring intercourse. His beautiful character came out in the little things of the passing hour—always self-forgetting and thinking much for others, his naturalness and vivacity were as if life had left no sombre impress on him. But then he had the light of heaven within, and his unselfishness left him free for seeking the happiness of those around.

In vain he tried to dissuade me from encountering a storm when I longed to start on a voyage. "You had better ride at double anchor with Lady Cavan and me" he said—"you could not stand in the wind on the pier now," laughingly picturing what I should have to face, and all I was leaving, with the combined earnestness and gaiety that often marked his conversation.

Scarcely had I settled into the house one day when he said, "Are you well shod?" "Yes, certainly," I replied, amused as to what was in his mind. "Then will you come with me in the evening—but we must take a lantern, and we have to go on foot." These expeditions to his friends or to meetings

were charming in his lively conversation. Many a bright morning as well as evening we stood still to talk of subjects we were enjoying, always with fresh interest and pleasure. On the smooth grassy hills, by our home in Devon, seeing him take up a bee that was chilled from cold to put it in the sunshine, he told me of the late Duke of Wellington—a relative of the Countess of Cavan—that, seeing a boy sobbing in grief, the Duke stopped, saying “My boy, what is the matter?” “Oh sir—I have to go to school, and I have a tame toad.” Leaving the pet was his sorrow. “Now, my boy, will you let me take care of the toad till you come back?” said the Duke, and the boy brightening up at the hope, the Duke called one of his attendants, charging him to take good care of the toad and feed it and keep it safely: a little story with which the kind Earl of Cavan sympathized.

When in command of his regiment in Ireland, the men so filled the evenings with amusement, and wrong doings which he desired to suppress, that he ordered an early hour in the morning for their exercising, which effectually checked night carousing, and over which the men exclaimed, “He *is* a tight ‘un!” His spirit of fixed decision of purpose, his warm heart and heavenly-minded character all gave a lovely tone to his life, and when finally he called me to take leave of him in his last illness, he was resting gladly in God’s love and blessing, and we felt that the happy intercourse

here was to belong also to the world where all continues for ever.

Through another relative of the Duke of Wellington, we heard some particulars regarding his life. Among the nephews who were frequently with him, one of them had decidedly devoted himself to unworldly things, and the Duke used to say, "There is a fool in every family ; you are the fool in ours." Still he frequently wished to have this nephew with him, and even at his large dinner parties, where his presence occasioned some singular incidents in his intercourse with the guests.

One evening, to the lady whom he accompanied to the dinner table, although averse to serious subjects, he made some remark on heavenly things, evidently at that time without her paying any regard to it. He always thought how much he must have blundered in manner, but many years after, in a foreign city, a messenger came to him asking if he would call at a neighbouring hotel where a lady was ill and desired to see him. Among her first words she enquired : "Do you remember a dinner party at the Duke of Wellington's, when you spoke to me on spiritual things ?" He replied "Yes, and I always felt how awkwardly I must have done it." But she said, "It was your hesitation that so deeply impressed me, and I have never lost the influence of that time." Now she was eager for a longer time of converse with him.

In the latter part of the Duke's life he increas-

ingly desired to have this nephew with him, and in the last months he was his constant companion. Then he had time habitually for intercourse and conversation with his uncle, who was now quite willing for it, and before the end he felt fully persuaded of the Duke being ready for the great change.

IV. GEORGE MÜLLER

In my early acquaintance with Mr. George Müller I asked him what are we to do when difficulties are all around—nothing but difficulties. He replied: "I will tell you the remedy when difficulties are all around. We need a little more faith, a little more patience, a little more prayer; this is the remedy in every difficulty"—repeating it again and adding, "I have found this is the remedy in every difficulty, and I have had numbers of difficulties, and great difficulties; but I always find this is the remedy."

In his first long foreign evangelistic tour, in 1876, I met him and Mrs. Müller on their arrival in Switzerland, accompanying them down the next lake and beginning our happy weeks of association that summer, in which I was deeply impressed with the rare greatness of character he showed in ordinary things. He did not think of his wonderful life's history, but I felt its influence at every turn, joined with his most genial warm-heartedness and his intense appreciation of what was humorous.

It was charming to amuse Mr. Müller—his daughter used to say truly, “You know, if my father begins laughing he does not stop; he is so extremely entertained by what is humorous.” “What have you been doing with Mr. Müller?” said the guests who filled a dining-room; “he has been laughing the whole time.” He and I had been relating stories which so stirred his sense of what was droll, that it was delightful to see our dear old friend shaking with laughter, and hindered in the dinner courses in his absorbing pleasure. Intensity of feeling and thought and powers marked him in all our ordinary happy life. After an early run on the mountains, when I returned to take my place beside him at breakfast, it was coming into his genial atmosphere of interest and heavenly-mindedness, so gentle and unpretending; but his conversation was deeply thoughtful and lively. He commended to me the plan of having a note-book to put down special subjects of prayer on one page, leaving the opposite page blank, to be filled in with the answers, saying that we are apt to forget what we have prayed for and even to forget the answers we receive. I made several objections, but after we had travelled away in different directions his counsel prevailed, and I would now endorse all that he then said as to the value of such a record.

On another occasion when much trial pressed on Mr. Müller, he remarked: “My cares are so great I bring them all to the Lord Himself; any one of

them would crush me, and I leave them all with Him."

He used to say, "I have been very deliberate in decisions, and I have not had to retrace my steps." When having a very important matter to decide and speaking of his deliberations on it, I asked him to tell me how he decided these large subjects of great moment. He said, "I first consider all the circumstances belonging to the matter, and whether they are plainly against the purpose I am contemplating, and then I consider what is in the word of God bearing on it; and if all thus far encourages me, I make it earnestly a subject of continued prayer, and if my mind is peaceful and satisfied about it, that it is the will of God, I wait, continuing in prayer and laying it before Him, but *waiting* to be assured I am making no mistake, but that my decision is according to His will; and if my mind continues settled in peace I still wait, and then act on the decision—and thus waiting upon God I have not had to alter my course."

I used to hear it was Mr. Müller's custom to consider: "Is it a right thing? Am I the right person? Is it a right time?"

Conversing with me on trust in God, he said, "I can as easily trust the Lord for £20,000 as for £20." I felt he was right, but he had gone entirely into divine realities thus to feel and know in his heart that our human thoughts are of no account, and fully to trust whatever God has said, and to act

on it. Looking from the window at the first Orphan House which was well established, he said, "I am as sure that God will place an Orphan House on that spot," pointing to it, "as I am that we see the first one standing." Each Orphan House was a very large work and outlay to build and maintain, but one felt, in being with him, he faced all this as one who is in fellowship with God, and willing and able for whatever He pleases.

Within some months of the close of his life, he spoke with joy of the vigour and health still given to him, allowing the continuance of the occupations he had followed for more than sixty years. With smiles and tears of pleasure he spoke and listened and prayed, with the deep warm feeling which characterized him.

V. THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF CHOLMONDELEY

A beautiful instance of sympathy and genial life at home was found in the late Marchioness of Cholmondeley. She was ever alive to the feelings of others, and always self-forgetting; her delight was in things above, or in the happiness of those around her of every class. Describing the four homes to which she had unwillingly to remove in the year, she spoke of twenty more servants being needful in one because of its size, adding, "I cannot put the care of the servants into the hands of a housekeeper, lest they should not be

sufficiently cared for : at each house now I have it in my own hands ; and although much more thus devolves upon me, I think it is quite right." At their four o'clock Sunday dinner the Marchioness smilingly said, " After this course we wait upon ourselves, or M—— (her daughter) waits upon us, because we wish the servants to be free to go out.' A humble man of the neighbourhood, of excellent life and character, who was free to call and speak to the Marchioness, had her kind genuine welcome. " Let him come into the little study," she said ; and there, in bright, kind conversation in unhindered intercourse, it was a charming blending of sympathy in widely differing lives, ending in a few expressions of prayer for the useful cottager.

Desiring to call on some cousins at a distance along the coast, the Marquis kindly wished to walk with me, his lively, genial conversation bringing me into his special interests and life. It was good to come into all that was so generous and unworldly. His cheerfulness in whatever arose that was discomforting, and his energy of mind and action, were all invigorating. He was seeking to protect some people in humble life, who were illegally oppressed, and whose case stirred no little of his zeal and sense of justice. My visit to the cousins ended, I returned along the shore, sandy and damp, and coming to the drawing-room door from the garden, was disinclined to step at once on the soft carpets, but the Marquis said, " Come in here, come always this

way," with his usual free welcome and good humour.

A short time previously, when staying near to Lord Cholmondeley, we had a large gathering of friends to hear about work at the East End of London, and I hesitated to invite him, thinking it could not be of importance to him; but when he heard of it he expressed his regret, saying, "I am so sorry not to have been present, I should have greatly valued it; if you had asked me I would have gladly come,"—a reminder to me to be very slow in thinking any one too great in the world, or too small, for whatever is good and interesting.

One evening when we were ready to go out the kind Marchioness cheerily exclaimed, "I have lost my bonnet!" and in vain we searched for it; but, in the most unruffled good humour she only added, "To think of losing my bonnet!" much appreciating the oddity of the mischance, which ended in its being found in a most unlikely niche in the drawing-room; but it illustrated her store of unfretting cheerfulness for any moment. How different the character of a lady who, when missing a trifling article, impatiently disturbed the whole household with her vexation and blame to others! Beautiful examples of gentle cheerfulness influence us in every remembrance of them.

An authoress, when in a stream of engagements, had, with much effort, completed a valuable MS. needed immediately by the printer. We were in

France at the time, and she begged me to read and consider it. I was bent on taking the greatest care of the MS., and having read it, was going to comply with her request to have it returned, when it was nowhere to be found. I was distressed for my friend, knowing the tax of re-writing it was seriously unfit for her, and she had said, "Take care of it, for I cannot write it again"; but now, in the most perfect good humour, without one shade of vexation or anything that could grieve me, only with kindest words and smiles, she bore that serious loss and worry, and the too great strain of again writing on the subject at equal length, if not in the same expressions : an instance of perfect amiability and patience in a moment that could have been most vexatious; and the more beautiful, because that authoress was a lady of the most marked and talented order, a great ruling influence wherever she came.

VI. J. DENHAM SMITH

When rustivating in the Isle of Wight, a stranger lady on the shore fell into conversation with me, and after a while asked me to join her in calling on Mr. Denham Smith, but I refused, having no inclination for any such visit. But her persevering desire at length prevailed, and we arrived at his house. Here his cheerful, interesting company was exceedingly pleasant, and on his saying, "What am I to do on Sunday?" I replied, "You had

better dine with me," as I was staying near the place where he was to take part in a service. Accordingly in my little thatched cottage, my new friend made hours of great enjoyment in his bright conversation. Henceforth to the end of his life our association was full of pleasure. I deeply felt, in being with him, how very much his heart and mind were filled with the great realities of Christian life. These were uppermost under all circumstances, together with a deep, inner joy that nothing could disturb. He visited us at The Firs, soon asking that we would invite no one outside those walls, as he so enjoyed the quiet seclusion. These were happy days with the full flow of his heavenly mind, and among some of his impressive words are the following :—

"All God wants is hungry people, thirsty people."

"The only thing you have to think of is, Am I a believer? Am I a poor lost sinner?"

"If you have a shadow of doubt whether you have peace, then you have not fully got it."

In my last visit to him in November, 1888, during his final illness, his joy in our meeting again was very great. He said, "I do not think of Heaven, or look at what will be there, but I think of Him and see Him—as Stephen did not look at what was around, but looked up and beheld Him.

"Fourteen months lying here! why does he keep me here?"

Why? There are four reasons :—

"1. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.

"2. That all that is not of Him may be taken away.

"3. 'The trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold'; it *is* precious!

"4. For His glory as a witness.

"Fourteen months of suffering, but He is so present with me!"

Again he said, "I do not think of my life, that is all in shade." "There is no death to the Christian." "I find in God's Word the only path of fulness is the path of obedience. We need to be more practical with God: the enormous deductions made from His Word are so great, it takes a long commentary to explain away what would be in a moment understood if obeyed."

Saying to me an earnest loving good-bye, he added, "Suppose you live twenty years or more longer than I, when I meet you above I shall recognise you as one whom I have known. Oh! what memories!"

VII. MRS. SCHIMMELPENNINCK

When staying with an aunt in Clifton, I frequently visited Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, widely known in those days for her great talents, but it was her special charm in private life that attracted me. Her warm heart and deep thoughtfulness came out in our fireside conversations, and when she sang

and played her very fine organ, her musical powers were equally delightful. She would speak on the beauty of maintaining "unity of purpose in life," how it tends to vigour and concentration, and to energy in action, ensuring much result. I had thought of it in connection with the Scripture words, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple," but my friend now in her eloquent conversation added to the whole subject, and we were delighted over all its bearings. She was also exceedingly fond of art, and versed in subjects of tasteful decoration, sometimes earnestly descanting against purposeless ornament, saying, "Do let it have some idea of usefulness, or some reason for its display. If it is only a button, the button may be as handsome as possible, but its having an object makes it well used; and the same with regard to brooches, or pins, or rings." She thus helped one to prefer what was not commonplace, but really tasteful; and when she spoke on the subjects of hymns and sacred music and spiritual things, her powerful mind led one to join her in her great appreciation, and delight in what was deepest and most beautiful. We generally had tea at a little table drawn near to the fireside where my tall, imposing friend in her rich black silk, finished with white muslin cuffs

and headdress, was the life of our happy intercourse.

In accordance with the simplicity of life preferred by this excellent lady, were the sentiments of the valued Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, of Holloway, as expressed to his children: "Be simple in your habits, and make your wants few, for it is a very difficult thing to diminish them when they become necessities."

Certainly in travelling about in foreign lands the pleasure is much increased by having little luggage, and willingly entering into the ordinary life of the country. A friend of ours when moving among the Swiss mountains required nineteen porters, no doubt surrounding his party with many comforts; but for most of us who have enthusiasm for the beauties of the Alps, a small number of packages, and these of the lightest description, will afford us much greater pleasure, and facilitate the carrying out of all our plans.

VIII. DR. WICHERN

[It must have been in 1865 that Miss Hanbury first met Dr. Wichern, whose work at the Rauhe Haus Reformatory has been so beautifully described by Dr. Fleming Stevenson in his book "Praying and Working."]

In 1871, when visiting friends at Altona and Hamburg, I stayed a few days with Dr. Wichern, and found him so exceedingly interesting in social life, the time was most enjoyable in his company.

Whatever subjects I brought before him he entered into with lively sympathy; never hindered by his own pressure of occupation from thinking gladly of what we spoke of. To my surprise, the grounds around his house were very beautiful. The whole scene on a sunny morning was charming. His benevolent work for the poor lads of Hamburg was widely known a generation ago, and he followed it with complete success. I was delighted to observe, in daily life, the character that had exerted such a marvellous influence on the poor around. His gentleness and consideration, and his vigour of action at every turn, impressed me constantly. We soon planned to make an expedition with his many boys, and his joyousness among the forests equalled that of any of his young folks. As we drove in the long carriages, his flow of conversation was unwearyed, and when many of us were ready for a noon-tide rest under the shady trees, Dr. Wichern, with his unbounded powers, would lead others to some fresh amusement. Seeing that even he was sometimes overtired, I urged the necessity of his having a secretary all the year round, as I learned that hitherto he had had one only for six months, whilst his letters amounted to 6,000 annually. Whilst I was thinking with him seriously over the matter, he exclaimed, "What can I do, when the letters are already there!" And it was but too clear that my gifted friend suffered for want of adequate help. His great talents led to his being appointed inspec-

tor of all the prisons, and the frequent correspondence with the Court, and messages from the King, all added to his occupations ; but our happy days made an interval of delightful freedom.

Many wounded soldiers from the Franco-Prussian war were in the hospitals near Altona, whom I frequently visited. It was very touching to see those who for nearly a year had been terribly shattered only slowly recovering. They were of various nationalities—Germany, France, and Algeria—but now living in friendly relations to one another. We had to discourage their singing or expressing what might be painful to one another, but I found when speaking with them individually, they were very open-hearted and glad of sympathy. When I repeatedly asked them if they had had a wish to go out to the war, they frequently replied, “No, I wished to stay at home and continue my occupation.” But among the whole company there was an admirable spirit of no complaint, but bravely bearing their sufferings. It was a joy to come and cheer them for a while, and they warmly expressed the pleasure it gave to them.

IX. D. L. MOODY

[On several occasions Miss Hanbury had the pleasure of being associated with Mr. D. L. Moody and his work. Not only when he was in London in 1875, but earlier in that year she visited Birmingham when he and Mr. Ira D. Sankey were there, and in the following notes sent home

at the time, and which she said were "most scrappy," she gives a graphic account of the great evangelist.]

"1875, *January 22nd, Birmingham*.—E. and M. E. L. called for us to go to Bingley Hall, where more than 10,000 people were assembled. Moody was most interesting—more than up to keeping all edified and impressed wonderfully. Sankey's singing—the same. Many stayed after in the quiet galleries all so still. One young woman I gave the time to chiefly was very sad, but a nice interesting body. "I can't believe" was her standpoint, but slowly she came out of it—not easily, but it seemed completely, with a face brightened up and quite freed from this weight of many years—it was a wonderful evening to her. To-day I went to Mr. Moody after breakfast, Mr. B. coming to lead me through the mud, etc. Moody was quaint and bright, and we went to the Children's Meeting, charmingly suited to children every way, Moody and Sankey delighting them.

Sunday at 8 a.m. was a meeting for workers—about 2,000 or 3,000 present—it was very impressive and stirring. Then there was a space till the 11 o'clock meeting for people going to no church or chapel. I took a walk alone in the sunshine, and then went to those in back courts and slums in their wretched half-dress and indifference—cold, dispirited, proud, poor, that needed all manner of suiting to penetrate the door. Not one knew of the meeting, and I went to networks of courts, and then to the

meeting ; about 8,000 or 9,000 present. Moody was very interesting, and the whole time most impressive. Where to go after, was a question, and finally M. E. Lloyd and I went to the Queen's Hotel. I found Mrs. Reginald Radcliffe ; and Mr. Moody liked us to join him and his dinner. He was brilliantly quaint and interesting in fireside chat and thoughts and anecdotes—equal to his interesting 15,000 people. He was thinking of Scripture subjects and his next meeting for women—Martha, Mary, etc., interspersed with such genial good humour—and asking and learning—and with beautiful heavenly-mindedness in his deep fashion. It all showed his wonderful capacities. We were quite happy, for all he is so *quaint*—but he is so kind and bright—with powers of all sorts half brought out and half not. He and I went to the meeting to find the doors shut, and the crowd outside declaring we could not get in ; but, wedging his way and mine through them, he quietly did it, and there were 16,000 women inside. It was felt by all to be a marvellous time—quite still, and his address was enough to interest all. It was beautiful as a scene of colour—acres, I suppose, of women only. Moody's readiness, and speaking to the point, and great feeling, go so to the hearts of all—his words are with such wonderful power and yet so *genial and feeling*.

Wednesday.—Went to Moody's most interesting meeting at three, an hour to study the Scriptures.

It was *rarely good* indeed! In the evening we went to the 7.30 meeting—17,000 were said to be there—and sitting looking down on the mass so still and fixed in attention was so touching—all sorts in a living mass standing and sitting. Soon after the end, a gentleman earnestly asked me to speak to his mother, apologising and repeating "She is my mother." She was amiable, but worrying herself over her faith—thinking and looking here and there in her thoughts. "And I have *no peace*," she would repeat. I asked Mr. Moody to say a word to her, but he would not—he was right in his gruff "no"—and we stayed till he cleared us off the platform, and I took her to Mr. Douglas Russell and left her—but she was much brighter. Then, going with H. L., we went to the galleries, and first two poor young women, and then two young ladies, I had to put all together for want of more help, and we had a very happy time, and really for their good; and they were very glad and brightened, but it was beginning in different degrees with them.

Friday.—Mr. Moody's address at twelve, very interesting. We drove back to dinner, and then scrambled to the afternoon meeting. Moody's address on "The Blood" was *very good* and feeling. People began taking seats before five for the next meeting, but rather hungry, we went into the swim of mud and rain with D. R. Soon so hopelessly wet, we agreed to go to Moody and get dry and warm, and tea, if he would have us. He was

very kind to the wet guests, and we joined his fire-side talk with Mr. D. ; and D. R. dried, and I made tea, and Mr. Henry Drummond came, with his face like pictures of angels, and Moody was warmly kind and humorous. We drove to the meeting with his promise to pull me in if we were shut out. We three got in, and D. R. kept the singing going perfectly for the hour and a half, till Moody and Sankey came. It was a slow breaking away after, and many farewells.

[In 1882, when Messrs. Moody and Sankey revisited England, this happy intercourse was renewed during their missions at Exeter and Birmingham.]

X. HENRY DRUMMOND

Among the kind acquaintances whom it was a pleasure to meet, was the gifted Henry Drummond, before he was Professor, and in the days when he was looking forward to a career still unknown. With open heart he brought one involuntarily into his life, his genial inspiring conversation ever making happy hours of warm interest. His spontaneous, amiable joyousness in the various circumstances in which I knew him, and his far-reaching thoughts, kept a spell of enjoyment in his company. One felt his whole character prompted his graceful, lively ways : he was thinking when talking, but all without effort. When his companion at a dinner party, he was absorbingly bright and lively—or, when I accompanied him to an assembly of young people,

the same flow of heartfelt words, often grave and earnest, but with genuine sympathy, held every one. He was warm and true, and his stores in mind and heart so pervaded his social life, he filled it with enjoyment.

VIII

ITALY AND SWITZERLAND

ITALY

WHEN travelling in North Italy a few years ago, I visited Italian friends residing by one of the lakes. Scarcely had I become at home when Senora B—— was called away to a distance to her dying mother. In her sorrow I wished to accede to her every wish, but when she asked me to take the head of the table and the carving, which her husband disliked, and to converse with him, and to have some care of the five children, I felt it a handful, with little knowledge of Italian except in reading. Still, hoping for the best, it was plain I must take up the new life, and it gave many opportunities for becoming acquainted with Italy. Interesting visitors came, and we sat in the verandah overlooking the lake, talking on absorbing subjects concerning the country. My journey was intended for out-of-doors life and refreshment—by no means designed for the care of a foreign household. Returning one day from a wander on the beautiful hills and sitting down to dinner with our little home-party, I enquired, “Where are the

children?" "They are all in the theatre," was the rather startling reply (it was before the hour of the play). "Then will you send for them," I added; and soon they came smiling and sunny in their always lively fashion—true Southern happy young creatures. Remarking to an excellent Italian gentleman my regret over the prevailing custom that gentlemen spent their evenings together away from home and that their interests were apart and the ladies also were apart, he quite agreed with me but said, regarding the ladies, "It is really their own fault; they do not make themselves companions, they do not take an intelligent interest in things, or enter into them with us,"—a very sad detail in daily life in that beautiful land, and too true of some other parts of the Continent. How can gentlemen find the home companionship they desire, if ladies do not sympathise in their occupations or regard the subjects by which their thoughts and attention are absorbed?

But the vivacity and brightness of the Italians was very pleasant. No lady who came in sat down in a cold, half-silent stateliness, but she joined us with warm interest and cheerfulness.

In another visit to these lakes, Pastor Theodore Monod, of Paris, and his son kindly accompanied me, and the united liveliness of Italy and France filled our journey. M. Theodore Monod liked what was impromptu, and having arrived toward evening at Como, he suddenly thought it would be

very pleasant to go at once along the lake to Belaggio. I liked to fall in with his preferences, but foresaw that our way would be in the dark. Seizing the first boat and men to be got for so late an expedition, we were soon hurrying along by starlight, M. Theodore Monod reciting charming poetry without limit as the hours went by, lighting up the whole way with what was beautiful, while darkness shaded the high wooded hills around.

After many a little hindrance in our course, we reached the hotel, now closed, and aroused the people, who puzzled over our traversing the water at that time ; but they soon felt M. Monod's influence and knew that a visitor of no ordinary character was with them. He was an inspiring travelling companion ; nothing could damp his cheerfulness and amiability, or his enthusiastic interest everywhere, and his irrepressible humour and witty conversation were a constant stream of pleasure.

We had time for some beautiful days on the Swiss mountains, when my two companions had great ambition for reaching heights and traversing glaciers. After ascending a short time it was charming to me that M. Monod would discover a good seat, exclaiming,

“ The best of climbing,”—says our friend from town,

“ The best of climbing is the sitting-down,”

then amusing us with his lively anecdotes ; and on our ascending way he would say, “ When we get up to that point you must tell us a story ! ”

We took a beautiful walk to the Scheinige Platte, before any railway was there, and my friends stayed so long on the way that it was dark before we reached the summit. In vain we sought the right turning to the little inn; we saw no trace of it. The night air became cold and we had no wraps or food. We passed by a cow-shed, and we felt sure we must not wander too far from it, as that slight shelter would be better than the open mountain. M. Monod's unabated cheerfulness continued through our long search. At length we faintly heard voices, and following that direction we soon saw lights, and reached the little house.

M. Monod described this incident in the following lines :—

“ In rolling mists when night enwrapped the day,
Among the mountains wild we lost our way ;
But pining, not repining, through the pines,
Miss Hanbury with hopeful patience shines ;
In fact, she shines more brightly, for that matter,
Than all the shining of the *Scheinige Platte*.”

It was a great enjoyment to share foreign travels with my nieces in their happy young days of fresh interest abroad; never-to-be-forgotten times among Swiss mountains, and in the social intercourse of friends,—we joined in everything in complete companionship.

The above paragraph refers to a delightful visit to Switzerland in 1873 with her two nieces accompanied by Mr. R. Pearsall Smith; other friends from England joining them at a chalet in Chamounix for ten days of waiting

upon God. This was a truly memorable season of blessing, as they gathered three times a day, either in the large salon, or in the pine wood on the mountain side, in full view of the snowy heights of Mont Blanc, with one heart and desire, seeking to know in experience the fulness of blessing which had come as a fresh revelation to many of God's people through His dear servant from America.

This hallowed time of fellowship, and its continuation during the years that followed, including visits to the Conventions at Oxford and Brighton (which led afterwards to the annual gatherings at Keswick), undoubtedly had a lasting influence on Miss Hanbury's happy Christian life.

In my travels in Switzerland, the enthusiasm of some of our friends in the Alpine Club continually added to my delight in mountain climbing, and when unable to have the companionship of a friend, I trusted to one or two excellent guides. In a long day with Ulrich Wenger we went to the Finster Aar Joch, so remarkably beautiful on account of the high ice pinnacles on every side. The amount of rock climbing was so great Wenger said we might as well have gone up the Wetterhorn, but the magnificent ice world we came into, abundantly rewarded us. These scenes of glacier and snow, with their exhilarating air, have continued an unfailing pleasure to me, enjoyed year after year in summer, and even in approaching winter they have been equally invigorating. One year I returned to Grindelwald in November, in deep snow, to see more of the guides with their families. In vain the Swiss ladies remonstrated, saying "You can do nothing ; you will

get nothing but a little snow!" But when arrived there in the white winter world it was most interesting. Hotels were closed, servants gone; all was rustic quiet. One good faithful guide, an enthusiast for mountaineering, had seemed more ready for this world than the next, and I wanted to lose no opportunity of free happy conversation with him before returning to England. Asking him to come to my little chalet, he paced up and down the room while the tea kettle was steaming, not averse to the great subjects before us, but condemning himself. He was facing greater difficulties and dangers than before all the mountain tops—my brave friend was waking up to see eternity approaching. At last, I had to say "Good night, Johann," before he had fully in heart all the rest and blessing of salvation; but the evening was growing late.

We made good snowy expeditions declared to be impossible by the people round. "You cannot get through, a gentleman has tried to-day and had to turn back." "But we are going to get through?" Johann asked of me. I said, "*Ja wohl, ganz gewisz.*" He, pondering, repeated it over, and with united enthusiasm the difficulties in our mountain and glacier way were pushed through; it was absorbing, exhilarating Swiss life. While delighting in the glittering scenes on every side, sometimes we sat down on the ice and snow, talking or watching the chamois in little herds in the early, glowing sunset.

Thus we went from Grindelwald to the Scheinige Platte, forewarned that we should never arrive till midnight, but we passed the beautiful height by the Faulhorn, and before absolute darkness reached our point.

Another year he met me at a mountain pass in so much silent absorbed joy it was a pathetic start into our wilds. We went to magnificent heights of snow and ice, and then one bright morning after speaking of plans, he again paced my room and lingered. I wondered what he had further to say? And now it was that life had become different to him; he was happy in the salvation given to us by Christ, and all was changed.

Some time afterwards he had a great fall into a crevasse and hung for nearly an hour between life and death, till passers by came and rescued him. Long, severe suffering followed, but he recovered. A few more very bright years went by, and we had brilliant and happiest expeditions together. The country people sometimes asked me, "Do you know that you have one of the very best men any where around?" giving their hearty testimony to his rarely good life. Then in illness my faithful caretaker was called away from this world to the Home above, to which he was looking forward in peace.

On these expeditions it was wonderful to see enormous avalanches pouring down over the ways we had traversed a few weeks before, reminding one of the grave necessity of following the know-

ledge of the inhabitants, rather than trusting to what we who are travellers know. Being quite at home on the Baregg path, I left a cottage at the beginning of it saying, "I shall go a little further on, the day being so beautiful." The cottagers exclaimed, "Oh, you must not go a bit further; at this time of the year avalanches are liable to come down anywhere, making great destruction."

I would say a word about the disabled guide, Christian Inabnit, who lives in this little chalet, to whom I have gladly given time and sympathy for many years when in Switzerland. When conducting a gentleman on the mountains a heavy fall of ice covered him, hopelessly injuring his spine, owing to which he has been for nearly 20 years in great suffering, and it is much cheer to him if travellers going to the Lower Glacier at Grindelwald will say a few words to him in passing.

I always had the greatest desire never to bring any of our party into danger. With the well-known guide, Ulrich Lauener, I set out from the Riffelhaus to go by what is usually an easy route, by the Monte Moro Pass into Italy. We had hours of walking in the snow, which became deeper and deeper. In the midst of it we met with a foreign gentleman and his guide desiring to make the same course, and now urgently wishing to join us. I had invariably charged my guides to refuse such propositions, but in this case it was so forlorn to leave two travellers alone in a vast expanse of snow,

while we three went on cheerfully, that I tolerated it.

After a while our guides were all at a loss to know the direction to take. In the freshly fallen snow the usual marks were obliterated, and in their efforts to go forward we found ourselves on a high point surrounded by a cornice. This we were quite sure was wrong, and Lauener called for a halt. Meanwhile a bitter east wind arose and snow fell heavily. Without permission the stranger's guide went away to seek the right course. Lauener said to my second guide, "Now if the snow continues, our steps will be obliterated, and we may all be lost," soon exclaiming, "I go back!" The foreign gentleman was in terror, but Ulrich repeated his intention, saying, "The lady is alone, and freezing; I go!"

We three put ourselves in train, ready to try and retrace our steps; and just as we started, we saw in the distance the other guide appearing, and after a while the two rejoined us, but our foreign acquaintance was inconsolable. In vain my men said, "Sir, our lives are of value in our homes; we have wives and children!" But he, scarcely listening, poured out words of horror over the risk into which *he* had come, and the danger lest *he* should never reach his home! This continued over a large part of our long return walk to the Riffelhaus.

The following day the weather was beautiful, and

Lauener enquired whether I should like to retrace our course of yesterday, or go fifty miles round to the Monte Moro Pass? My preference was decided for the latter way, and we drove from Zermatt to Stalden, then walked up the very beautiful road to Saas Fée, and thence to the Matmark See, where we were shut in the little inn for a wet Sunday. In brilliant sunshine on Monday morning we crossed our intended Pass, delighted with the splendid scenes around.

Descending into the rich Italian verdure, it was another life and climate. My good guide was glad to go by carriage everywhere over the glowing plains. We made a charming round, and at the hotels he took the greatest care that I should have the best room. On one occasion, my door having no sufficient fastening for the night, I closed it, but was quite unable to open it again in the morning. At last Lauener arrived, and with one powerful blow his strength broke the door to pieces. This is an illustration of his clearing away all difficulties in our course. His ability and dignified manner were on all occasions agreeable. Our conversations in the long mountain walks seemed so much to interest him, his only protest being occasionally, "This is a very long silence!" He much appreciated my trusting him during weeks of travelling, and I found he fully deserved it.

We gladly returned to the fresh mountain air and snow, until, finally conducting me to the railway

toward Basle, we made a pathetic farewell, intending to start again next year.

One year a Swiss friend planned an expedition up the Säntis Mountain, in Apenzell, very late in October, wishing two gentlemen friends of his should accompany us. One of these was Commandant of the Army, and Governor of the neighbouring Canton; and the other was celebrated for his learning.

In our long day on foot the gaiety and happiness of these companions were most pleasant. Whether we were among rocks or trees or deep snow, their unfailing spirits were delightful. On the way they began to ask, What are we to do with our long, dark evening on the top? I suggested we had a few little books—we could read and converse. This satisfied them. Daylight was fast fading when we arrived at the little hut with one general room, into which we gladly came, but were amused to see nothing but tables, and little stools under them. After a cheerful supper, the great interest of the subjects that took our attention became so absorbing that our evening was filled with enjoyment. So much so that the gentlemen said, "Our day and our evening have been so happy that we must give thanks to God." And now, after many years have passed by, that evening is still remembered with joy.

On another occasion, on the top of the Shilthorn, after a little time with the late Archbishop of Can-

terbury, resting on the grass, my Swiss friend and I made a lively descent down the back of the mountain among the most beautiful and rare flowers. His great delight in these was charming, and kept us long amongst them. In this and other expeditions the spontaneous pleasure of the Swiss made every time of mountaineering full of lively interest.

It was a great pleasure to have opportunities of visiting the cultivated and highly educated Swiss families who were my friends. I was charmed with their liveliness and singularly natural bright characters. In years of happy intercourse they seemed to me to embody the freshness of the mountains, and our time together was always increasingly enjoyable.

Among the persons I had pleasure in meeting in Switzerland was the Count Zarembo, whose very interesting conversation was as remarkable as his life's history. He was holding a high office in the Russian Government, when his whole mind became filled with the desire to be free to carry the Gospel to people for whom he had become deeply interested in the south-east of Europe.

He could get no liberty for this, so abandoning his official position, he departed, reached the people he desired to be with, and lived among them. There he saw no great or rapid results from his work, and after having established buildings and classes and schools, the command came that all should be closed. Thus it looked as if everything

was at an end, but when my friend Dr. B—— visited the district long afterwards he found great and good results on every side. Speaking with the Count Zarembo when we met in Berne, it was delightful to come into his deeply spiritual mind, bringing us into the atmosphere of heaven. He expressed great pleasure on finding that although coming from such widely different life, we united in the same interests and sympathy ; and I was deeply impressed with his force of character and most genial company.

After many summers among the Swiss Alps it was a great privilege to be there when my friend Mr. Edward Whymper was occupied in his researches on the mountains. His world-wide fame for high ascents and his most interesting books had not made me aware of all the kindness and cheerfulness he brought into daily life, or of his graceful courtesy and thoughtfulness for others. Some ladies, indeed, spoke of his standing aloof, but many with deepest thankfulness recounted his untiring kindness and help in the midst of deep sorrow, or of accident to their friends. Long and many statements were thus expressed of the comfort he had been, while other persons told of enjoying his complete knowledge of the scenes around, and also his genial humorousness and delight in the beautiful.

Descending an easy mountain track I was forgetting the pathway, and had the curiosity to ask,

"Mr. Whymper, the way down here is so good and smooth! what are you thinking about?"

"About the path, of course. You must not go on mountains and think of other things—that will never do," he earnestly replied: a useful word for me, as I found it more wearisome to keep my thoughts on our footsteps than to go through a day's walking.

When passing the site of former glaciers his accounts were very interesting of what must have happened, while he examined their traces still left on the rocks; or if mounting toward glaciers, dazzling in sunshine, his good counsel lessened all effort.—"Take short steps, do not bend the knee or foot, but rather keep all stiff, and you can continue walking without fatigue."

Again, "After looking at near objects on the path you are treading, do not suddenly look away down a precipice, or over a steep expanse: it is liable to cause giddiness, and has probably occasioned fatal accidents, the cause of which appeared unaccountable."

IX

THE CAPTAIN

HAVING accepted a kind invitation (in 1879) to join a gathering of friends at Broadlands, the home of the late Lord Mount Temple, the days spent there were filled with inspiring influences and deep blessing, through the heartfelt words of many leaders of thought and happy social intercourse. Conversations with Miss Marsh and Lady Mount Temple were memorable in interest and enjoyment. But toward the close of these delightful days no kind invitations to stay a little longer could turn me from my plan of crossing to the Channel Islands that night, although with some regrets I left the whole company.

Still filled with the impressions of those days, during the night voyage, when occupying a covered deck seat for ladies, a conversation was carried on between two gentlemen, so decidedly bordering on the profane, I felt that no woman could hear it, and be silent. Questioning how to approach the subject, I apologised, but scarcely needed to say a word, they so earnestly exclaimed, "We did not think any lady was near; we beg to apologise to you." In

the early calm morning, while gazing on the vast rolling sea from the edge of the vessel, the more earnest one of the gentlemen came again, expressing his regret for what he had said at night, and heartily entering into a long, serious conversation on spiritual subjects. He begged me to visit his wife and daughters at his residence in the island, which I did, and their warm recommendation of Captain —, who was known to their family for thirty years, made me start with confidence in his sailing cutter for Brittany on a lovely summer day. The evening was so warm and beautiful that I stayed on deck, the captain telling me sailors' stories. When the stars came out we fell into heart-stirring conversation.

"Look," he said, "at that light. Do you see it? It marks some terrible rocks. There my son went down, and the vessel, and all with him. If I had been there I would not have steered her on them, I know. We must not be thinking of other things when we are steering a ship." And the brave sailor sadly spoke of the whole disaster.

"And, Captain, do you think your son was ready for that sudden end of his life?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! he was always thinking of those things you talk about. But there, I must look after my business. When a man has business he must attend to it. I have not time for all these other things. I make no profession, but I know I must look after my ship."

I was silent in the deep impression I had of the danger the captain was in, fearing he, too, in the perilous voyages he had to make, would some day also go down. He rejected what I said, yet stayed for hours of conversation, sometimes saying, "My boys know all these things, but I—I must be busy."

In the dark night at sea, among the rocks where our course lay, my sailor friend was saying "No" to all care about salvation. Before starting he had demurred, saying, "I am going sixty or seventy miles out of your way." But I did not mind. The railway could bring me in the right direction again, and we sailed away somewhere, anchoring off the Brittany coast in lovely mornings, rowing ashore in the little boat and walking through charming scenes to the nearest country cheer.

He was extraordinarily kind sometimes in subsequent voyages. I thought he began to awake to the importance of the things of God being even greater than of things down here. When his vessel lay at the pier head, and he gave his word to the sailors, "Shove her off," and we speeded away in the sea breezes, it was a great combination of enthusiasm for the sea, and pleasure in our voyage, and of interesting conversation—a pathetic overflow of present enjoyment with the feeling of possible peril before my friend.

Alas! another year when I came to seek his vessel to cross to France, I found that he and the good ship and all with him had gone down on

the same rocks where his son perished. For an hour my poor friend battled with the raging storm, and then his cutter and all on board sank. From his family I heard that for the last year he had been a different man, no longer exclusively absorbed in present things, his life and his words alike showing the change. I did not know till then how much he valued and read the books I sent to him, or regarded our conversations on deck, of which he spoke at home ; but I was glad that, while love of the sea was my reason for choosing his ship, we had spent so many hours over things unseen. In reply to some words of his excellent son he had said, "It's all different now. My trust is in the Lord Jesus. I am not afraid now if I go down at sea." And all his family bore witness to the whole tone of his daily life agreeing with this inner faith.

X

FRANCE

WHEN visiting the north of France, I had a strange attraction to the quiet of a convent, my cousin having lent me a book telling of one on that coast, almost jutting out into the sea on a lonely spot. I was tired with a run of social life and demands on mind and strength, and the false ideal of calm and peace and heavenly atmosphere, which has fascinated many, had its spell on me.

Arrived at the grave building with its closely barred windows, it was very repulsive to me, but I rang the great bell, and in a little while saw a most charming nun in a little room called the library; but the books were exclusively about dragons, miracles, saints, or heretics. I told her my story—not adding what was true, that “this house repels me exceedingly.” Indeed our conversation was very pleasant, she was so inimitably agreeable and courteous and genial. I was greatly attracted by her, though her knowledge was most limited—not even extending to those old-world books, the one depôt of the convent’s literature—

but it made no difference, she was most fascinating. She bade me welcome to come and stay in the convent, only requiring full recommendation from a high Roman Catholic ecclesiastic and some other dignitaries; but as it was only she who pleased me there, I left the whole subject for further consideration.

Her spell however continued, and I decided to return to her and to that strange convent life—a foolish decision made by many others inexperienced in what it involved. My friends among whom I was in France tried to dissuade me from entering—but in vain. When I mentioned one of my acquaintances in England who was a very helpful friend to the Pope, introductions were waived and the welcome was very cordial. The Lady Superior appointed her own room for me, possessing a trap door through which I could survey what took place below; the window, unhindered by iron bars, commanding very beautiful views. I told her of my usual home life, and how in the midst of it I was attracted to their convent. She was in every respect very superior, kind and intelligent, cultivated and acquainted with things in general, and not a little interested in her stranger visitor. I told her I was a Protestant, but it did not seem to alienate her. Passing down the long corridors, where the thick iron bars closely cover every window, made me shiver. I found my place in the dining hall next to the Reverend Father who was present that day.

It was no accident that I was placed in his care, but what was their intention puzzled me. He was the last person to have any influence over me; the longer we conversed the more I felt it. We spoke of the history of that place, and of various subjects of interest; but the quaint old song was ever recurring to me:—

“Many have told of the monks of old,
What a saintly race they were;
But it is more true that a merrier crew
Could scarce be found elsewhere,” etc., etc.

Next day and each day I needed much fresh air and to be out of doors; this was disturbing to the mind of the nuns. They were very kind, and I was uncontrollable, but we harmonized pretty well, and we were very sociable. I often asked about their life, and they said much about nuns of activity and nuns of contemplation. We had bright, pleasant occasions, dwelling on Scripture subjects; but after some time our intercourse reminded me of the story of the missionary and the cannibal setting out in a boat, and it was a question whether the missionary would convert the cannibal, or whether the cannibal would eat the missionary. The nun whom I liked from the first came to my room, and we joined very happily in conversation and in Bible reading, all seeming to be a real enjoyment and interest to her; but hindrances were afterwards put in the way of her being much with me. And also

I began to realise that our life was like centuries ago; not only the ordinary world but intelligence was shut out—everything was shut out. The Reverend Fathers of the monastery near were sometimes about, but all general interests were excluded. These daughters of the Church belonged no more to what was outside the walls; it was a discord in the convent calm to talk of less sacred subjects than those which should fill their life. As to thought and knowledge of passing events, there was no place for them in the convent. I had great sympathy and admiration for the unselfish kindness, patience, and endurance of the nuns, and for the motives actuating some of them, of which we sometimes spoke together—love to God and remembrance of His love to us—and I exceedingly felt their personal good will and amiability to me, and their tolerance; for it was my fault to have made myself like a bird in a cage, or, as I often felt, it is like putting a hare in a school-room; he will upset the routine of the students while pining for his own free wilds.

My gravity was quite insufficient for the demands of the home I had chosen; the sudden absence of life outside our walls left me so vacant, I was charmed when two dancing bears, led by two ordinary countrymen, approached our gates. I looked with delight, but the nuns, shocked with such worldly things, hurried down every blind, fastening every gate and door against this intrusion of the

ungodly, with many expressions of pious horror. One only little exception came into the prevailing sobriety, when the ordinary mortal, a postman, arrived, bringing letters to the smaller entrance. My little trap door enabled me to view the irrepressible exuberance and merriment that ensued, and one felt that even devoted nuns possessed feelings common to other human beings, and a great lingering of social fun.

It had been a very interesting experience of this singular life belonging to past ages, but I began to feel that I must plan my departure. Writing for a coachman to fetch me at the earliest opportunity from a certain spot, I explained to the kind Lady Superior, with many thanks, that it was better for me soon to resume my journey, and with many friendly expressions she bade me farewell. On a brilliant summer morning I departed noiselessly, hours before the horses could arrive, and waited under shady trees for the happy moment of being carried back to ordinary sympathies and existence, feeling as if no one had *ever been so glad* to return to all this, although I remembered that so many had left convent life under incomparably heavier pressure.

Since that time, having come into much association with Mahommedans, and often with Roman Catholics, the experience of that intercourse in the convent has been very useful; it is so exceedingly difficult freely to sympathise with others unless we

have already had to leave our own habitual world of thought to regard what is filling another heart.

Following the wish of an excellent English clergyman, I soon went to the Rev. A. L. Jenkins, and his sisters at Morlaix, where it was very interesting to be in the midst of the Breton-speaking people, and to visit surrounding villages still primitive in their usages and life. In the cottages I was politely offered snuff, custom unhappily forbidding one to refuse it. Wolves were here and there lurking about, and had just destroyed the useful goat belonging to one of our acquaintances. The Breton services and singing were very enjoyable, and also the frank, decided character of the people. In the town of Quimper I attended the one occasion for the increase of literary knowledge among the inhabitants, which took place on market days by a man reciting stories humorously to a gathering crowd. Their eager interest belonged to the general dearth of books, and it was charming to join in their circle and see their overflowing pleasure in what they heard. I could gather the drift of the subjects, and was astonished at the enthusiasm of the crowd when faults of the priests were set forth, or some wrong in the Roman Catholic Church dwelt upon. Being a stranger, I was silent then, but often they were delighted with my pleasure while listening. The stories and songs being ended, copies of them in the roughest print were offered for sale, the sellers and buyers all discussing in high good-

humour their subjects and work. The residents assured me this was the chief literature of the people, and as no books were in their houses except the used Mass Book and a few obsolete Church productions, this appeared to be the truth. In shops, if any books were for sale, they were of the same stamp, occasionally varied by an extravagant account of saints and angels or miracles. The men had little confidence in their national Church, but frequently nothing better took its place, and their Christian faith had become undermined and dead. The Bretons collectively were very sociable; all liked a ready conversation without preface.

The young women were delighted with a lively chat; if I joined cheerfully in their talk in travelling, they would say to other young acquaintances, "Come—do come here, we have an *Anglaise*!" A most frequent thing to have an English visitor, but perhaps a warm interest and sympathy for them made the pleasure they felt. A very superior French girl travelled in the railway carriage with me one day and told me of her intended journey to Paris, and of her father's home in the country. I had been reading the Gospel of St. John, and offered it to her, saying, "I think you will enjoy it." She took it with thanks and read some verses I had marked—soon so delighted, she was beaming with joy, and could not repress saying, "Oh! but the words of this book, how beautiful they are!"

I longed for her to be silent, a priest and nuns being in the carriage. He seemed to have marked her happy face, and demanded to know what book she had, and then in towering anger denounced her; his vehement displeasure and the noise he made, joined by the nuns, were far too great to say a word in. After a time, the chief nun broke a blood vessel, and the carriage was a terrible scene. My young friend held her own while the priest was present, but when he was gone, and she was about to leave, she said sadly, "I think I ought to return the book to you." Her Roman Catholic conscience, and perhaps the confessional, outweighed her own feelings, and the brightness her face had for a while gave place to its first sadness. We had enjoyed a happy little time, and she was a very interesting, thoughtful girl, seriously glad to receive heavenly truths.

Centres of interest and kind friends became scattered over North West France, both in the wilds and in charming refined life. Being much attracted by small islands lying a little way out in the Bay of Biscay, I left friends on the coast to find others in these pleasant islands. In the Ile de Rey were an excellent officer and his wife. It was the time of the vintage. When I went into its midst admiring the profusion of grapes, the friendly islanders would beg me to take all I liked on the spot, and all I could carry away. In the great heat and swarming multitude of gnats, they dressed

their mules and donkeys in pairs of trousers over their front legs. Smart trousers and well-fitting, in sporting pattern, adorned well-to-do animals, the small feet just appearing from the close-fitting garment, looking all so funny in general effect, even the island gentlemen laughed heartily as they watched them trotting along gaily in this grotesque dress. When a mule had finished his work he was rewarded by having a good free roll over and over in the sand,—a pleasure and refreshment that is willingly allowed him in some southern lands, his owners saying, “It is as much good to him as his food,” and charging us never to hinder him if he is going to roll,—he is so eager to kick and roll over like a ball—and to have his own free time. When I wished the mule to have his supper, his caretaker would say, “But he must have his roll first; then he will enjoy his food.”

After dusk armies of giant mosquitoes came humming around, much too large an array to encounter at night without adequate defence. Having to plan an impromptu shelter, I made a mask of gutta percha tissue, with the smallest inlet for seeing and breathing, and securely heard the singing and buzzing and vain attempts to penetrate,—a complete success against all harm in such an emergency.

A most admirable cottage woman had lived and died in this island, of whose life I knew beautiful incidents. Approaching the spot where

her home was, I talked with the first person I met about her, and soon after with others. It was delightful to hear their expressions of warm-hearted love and value for her. Whether Protestant or Roman Catholic it made no difference, all united in love for her, and in the deep conviction of her devoted piety and entirely Christian and self-forgetting life. "But how do you know about her?" they exclaimed. I had heard that in her great poverty, without income except what she gained from her knitting and from her goat, part of whose milk was needful for her food, she saved considerable sums for the help and good of others, and for spreading the gospel; but I had not known her power of influence among her nearest neighbours until coming among them. Although an extremely poor cottager in a very small hamlet in this obscure little Island of Rey, it was a memorable instance of the presence and love of God shining forth in daily life, and reaching far across the world, warming the hearts and consciences of those around and of many at a distance. It was a good pilgrimage in honour of that excellent woman to go and hear on the spot the testimony and the feelings of her neighbours as to her beautiful life.

Again I left circles of kind friends to visit the Island of Oleron, and the French pastor there, who for thirty years had lived in the same spot with the same church, and with scarcely any interchange

from other pastors. It was a new experience to me to reach a community without the incoming of fresh elements for thirty years. We sat in large antique arm chairs, the pastor telling me of the want of large increase in his church of late time. I sympathized in that very possible result, and listened with sincere interest to many details he dwelt on, although the burning heat indoors and out of doors on this island was so extreme, I felt my capacities were not a little diminished in their power.

The freshness of sea air towards the south of the Bay of Biscay is exhilarating and delightful; but in hot places on shore the warmth is almost intolerable in early autumn. At Biarritz, standing on the beach at the edge of the incoming tide, the sea breezes accompanying it, all was invigorating and delightful; but if turning away inland, sheltered from that most enlivening air of the Bay, the heat was overpowering.

My kind friends at Morlaix introduced me to their friends at Brest, and there we enjoyed happy intercourse in successive years.

Another time, having accepted an invitation from Mons. and Madame Theodore Monod to their country house, an hour and a half from Paris, kind friends took me to the steamer for Havre, and we progressed well for some hours, when an important part of the machinery broke down and we were at a standstill. Mending it was a weird night scene; lamps and lights were collected together, and men

climbed and scrambled to the difficult work like monkeys. To our great joy, another steamer, seeing our difficulty, stayed faithfully by us in case the repairing failed. It soon did so when started again, and the friendly steamer towed us back to Southampton. Another ship was ready in the afternoon to make our voyage ; but so great a gale had sprung up, my friends entreated me to wait. I was unchangeable in my decision to go on. We got as far as St. Helen's when our captain anchored, unwilling to risk the open sea in so violent a storm. I spoke with a sailor about our way, and he said a tremendous sea was farther on. Then a gentleman accustomed to yachting, expressed his uncertainty as to what we should encounter and what our ship could bear. At midnight the captain came to me in my sheltered place for ladies on deck, the rain pouring and wind howling while we consulted. Some passengers were urgent to proceed, others desired to remain in safety ; I wished to go on, but thought we ought to remain longer sheltered. The captain suggested weighing anchor at two a.m., and agreeing to it, at last we set out into the open storm, which was rather diminishing, but tossed us about wildly. It was Sunday when we landed ; our first start from Southampton having been on Friday, and evening came on before the railway brought me to the French town of Savigny, where my friends had come to meet me, and not finding me, had gone away. The station-master, with sup-

pressed indignation, saw me arrive long after the carriage and horses had left. "Now there is nothing," was his too true account. He was no help, and taking a little handbag I walked out into the dim roads, soon finding that no one would escort me to my friend's house. Holiday makers to Paris were returning home, and all had finished their day. Seeing a man carefully carrying a baby, and his wife near, I told him my story, with an impression that he was the person for the occasion. After a while he said I could stay in their cottage if I would ; and feeling quite persuaded that they were dependable people, I followed the baby and its good parents, coming into a sudden experience of French simple kindness and genuine hospitality, while we all laughed over my strange voyage, and I sought to let them feel they had a happy guest, and no foreigner to whom such life was new. Our worthy friend, M. Monod, was heartily amused next day at this kind of travelling from London to Savigny ; but said, " You could have been with no better people than those at whose house you stayed last night."

Among the acquaintances whom it was a pleasure to meet in France, was the kind and gifted André family. At the hospitable house of Madame André Walther, near Paris, we found the most interesting life, charming from the liveliness of our hostess, whose unfailing vivacity at table, or in the drawing-room, in singing or conversation, was wonderful.

When the movement began amongst some Roman Catholic priests to see the errors in their Church, she gave her powerful aid on their behalf, sheltering some under her own care, and also largely aiding a friend who was devoted to their welfare, and who has stedfastly continued to help forward their cause.

XI

USHANT, SPAIN, AND GIBRALTAR

PASTOR and Madame Berthe were a centre of bright French life. The home of her father, the late Sir Anthony Perrier, at Brest, had attracted interesting travellers in continued succession, and here was her still beautiful mother in the midst of her children, grand-children, and friends, embodying the dignity and charm of gentle life belonging to sixty years ago, when, as a young bride, Sir Anthony took her from England to Switzerland, and to its then unfrequented valleys, in which he could scarcely find ordinary necessities for his lovely young lady. Her fashion and manners were of that day, her commanding loving influence held all her guests, her conversation and her genial liveliness were heart-stirring. Very fair and fresh, her beautiful face lighted up with animation while entertaining her happy companies. When I joined the memorable occasions of her birthday, the dear Lady Perrier with smiling pleasure welcomed her family, took the head of her table, and was so lovely in the sunshine of old age and in her brightness of heart and mind, undimmed in intellect and social power.

It was a beautiful instance of the loveliness of such life, while very nearly approaching its boundary.

On Sunday, when not strong enough to go out, she would read the Church service to a few of us around her, devoutly repeating the prayers with deepest feeling, and with a reality and solemnity one could never forget. The same fervour pervaded her daily life, and often found expression in our times of happy intercourse. Hers was the warm true heart alive unto God, sympathizing with others around, and in all that is good.

With some degree of a traveller's enterprise, I wished to explore the little island of Ushant, having heard it was the last spot in Europe where paganism was continued, Christianity having been introduced so late even as the seventeenth century. My kind friends set the little expedition in train for me, Lady Perrier smiling over my zeal for it. The morning was calm and warm for the little voyage from the mainland; I was sitting in a summer dress under a parasol, when, quite unexpectedly, a sea broke high over our steamer, pouring down my neck and into my shoes and pocket in a most unwelcome sweep, and quite convincing me of the amazing power of opposing currents around Ushant. A sailor hastened me away to a safer place in case of a second sea rising up, and there was nothing for it but to dry in the sunshine, and be ready all the more briskly to go over the island. Landed there on its rocky wilds, I was delighted to find the islanders

and to talk with them—a friendly people, who had great pleasure in a sociable visit and in various small literature which I had brought for them. They appeared very lonely as to social intercourse from the mainland, and much appreciated my little journey from Brest in order to reach them.

Notwithstanding rocky ways, or no ways, the fresh sea breezes of the island were most invigorating, and it was exceedingly interesting. In this last haunt of paganism were bright minds—primitive rustic folks, who seemed true and straightforward. Every cottage had its welcome, with no barriers to free conversation ; perhaps it is another instance of the land in which a people dwell, largely influencing their general character.

Afterwards having a desire to go south, and untiring pleasure in sea voyages, I wished to coast along slowly on the West of France, and Pastor Berthe took me to a steamer whose captain touched at various towns, bringing me ashore and making our little voyage to Bordeaux full of interest. The plan of making each journey a pleasure, instead of merely a means of quick transit, has proved, both by land and sea, an unfailing enjoyment and gain. Travelling thus opens out so very much of interest instead of weariness, making one acquainted with the countries passed by ; and although it breaks through routine, it can mostly be without inconvenience.

After visiting friends at the gay Biarritz, others

kindly welcomed me to San Sebastian, affording the great pleasure of crossing the beautiful border-land between France and Spain. When first taking this route I missed the Spanish station I had to stop at, and while waiting long at another, I experienced much kindness from the Spaniards, with whom I could speak very little. At last a bevy of Spanish girls in holiday fun and dresses, were starting by rowing boat in the direction I wished to follow. Trying to assure them I would not cloud their amusement, I asked to go too, and with lively welcome they begged me to get in, soon enquiring if I had not been at the bull-fight yesterday (Sunday), saying it was "magnifique!" and deploring my losing it. It was a strange outpour of Spanish fun and liveliness and good humour, but when we rowed ashore I was glad to land, though it was a pretty bit of merry young life.

The second time of entering Spain the custom-house officers, kindly seeing the importance of my catching the train ready to start, pushed me through the difficulty, and only by their amiability could I duly have made that day's journey. It fulfilled one intention of my childhood — some day to wind along the mountain passes of Spain, by the woods, and where rivers run far down below.

A warm welcome ended that beautiful journey in an interesting circle of Spanish and English friends. In the evening a gifted Spaniard, with a splendid voice and unbounded enthusiasm for the songs of

Arragon, sang to us with a patriotic ardour that was most fascinating—carried away with his beautiful subjects. Each song was a fresh joy as it occurred to him, and we were spell-bound by his delight in every word. Only in a southern land could this impromptu eloquence in song have continued so exuberantly in a drawing-room. Twelve years have gone by, but from that evening we were steadfast friends, and Señor T—— proved always brighter and better than on that first charming occasion. He took me soon after with his wife and niece to Vitoria, leaving me there to return to San Sebastian. All was so sunny and brilliant, I scarcely saw difficulties, and, trusting to good deeds from Spaniards, I went happily on as if at home. We next met at Madrid, after I had stayed in beautiful Andalusia, seeing with wonder the rich resources of Spain and how little they are used, and also with amusement seeing the ladies flitting about like butterflies, and the women generally making the special pleasure of the day to dress and walk on the promenade. In one town the pronounced distinction between classes enforced the custom that those who were looked upon as of higher degree walked on one side of the Square, and those who were of lower position might only promenade on the opposite side.

A gloom seems to hang over this splendid country, notwithstanding the lively impulsiveness of its people. I was glad to find efforts made for giving a good education to young women, and to boys and

girls, for in few lands is the want of this more painfully apparent.

There was opportunity for visiting some of the prisons, and there is great need that the benevolent Spaniards whose influence has caused complete reform in some places, would turn their attention to the jails most requiring improvement. Many captives long in prison were still awaiting trial and were in the general crowd of old and young offenders, the worst criminals and innocent persons were all together—indeed the state of the most neglected Spanish prisons does claim the attention of all who care for humanity. One of the first prisons I visited was damp and noisome in the part used at night. My companion exclaimed, "Oh! what a stinking place! Can human beings sleep here?" and the dark, foul end away from the door was fearfully bad. The conversations with the prisoners were very lively, mixed with grave humour, in the midst of their surroundings which were so distressing. If visitors from England or elsewhere would give attention to the jails in the South, it would be a great benefit on every side.

When re-crossing the beautiful Northern boundary into France, I went to friends long beloved in our family, desiring to become well acquainted with the splendid Pyrenees Mountains. They brought to me a well-known, trusty guide, Paul P—, and taking only the smallest possible outfit, we started. Spanish walking powers or habits are far

behind those of the English and Swiss, but we made a charming journey over magnificent mountain ranges, the thickly wooded slopes reaching far up toward the snowy tops, and the clear, warm atmosphere—all giving a peculiar beauty to the scenes. I was going home by this route, and though zig-zagging among mountains, the feeling was a constant joy that every walk was towards home.

In after years when in the South of Spain and frequently staying at Gibraltar, in the course of my journeys to Morocco, it was very interesting to cross the bay and to reach the hills and woods in Andalusia. Its cork forests and picturesque scenes in brilliant sunshine were most enjoyable. Not only the splendid Alhambra and its surrounding country, and Cordova, with its magnificent cathedral, were surpassingly beautiful, but valleys and mountains with their rushing streams were an endless source of pleasure. Wishing one day to visit some of these, accompanied by kindest friends, we rode brisk-going donkeys in true Spanish fashion, to a waterfall in the midst of a cork forest, then continued on foot among rocks to its mossy heights, till I felt "Do the gentlemen think me a goat, to spring over streams and rocks without limit?" But the conversation was so interesting and inspiring as we stayed in the deep shade surrounding the pouring torrents, we have never dropped the happy association of our summer day in those woods. Year after year

the old enjoyment is renewed, and many occasions arise for bringing some pleasure into the life of one another. Spain has been as charming socially as it is in its brilliant colours, mountains and sunshine. "Now we can be pretty sure of the weather for ten days," said a lady as we started on a perfect morning, glad indeed to be free from the uncertainty of climate.

Life at Gibraltar, as I came into it, had different kinds of interest. The officers and ladies, being free to leave the Rock and to cross the border, were happy in going about as they inclined. It was different with the men, who might not leave it, and felt the very narrow limits they were in; but some who were hearty Christian people would say: "The Rock is all right for me now. I could not bear it formerly, but since I found the true Rock—Christ Himself—I am quite happy here." Many a conversation we had in the beautiful plantations, for although soldiers go in regiments, each one has his own history and heart full of subjects in which he rejoices to have sympathy. "I am glad you came round here this morning," said one, after we had stayed long among the brilliant flowers, and I listened to his thoughts and doubts, happy to cheer a brave fellow who valued friendly interest. They often had to escort me home in warm, bright evenings—tall, stalwart Scotchmen whose interesting histories filled our long walks, making me familiar with a soldier's mind and life—brave, honourable

fellows, a praise to any country. Two centres of kind and Christian work for the troops exist on the Rock, one in North Street, Gibraltar, and one at Europa. There they come in, having a welcome at any time ; they can write letters, read books, practise music and singing, find kind friends whom they rejoice to meet, and are entirely at home. Annually for eight years I often joined their meetings, and with indescribable joy when coming fresh from weeks or months among Mohammedans without a ray of Christian happiness. The soldiers' hearty expressions had a power through contrast that was most impressive. The sailors also and the ships in the bay are a world of interest. On one of the little warships, Captain R—— asking two of us to a charming dinner in his bright saloon on board, we considered together the plans before us, whether our kind host should follow the thought before him of changing his career, and whether his friend Mr. B—— should make his permanent place of work in Syria, and sail there, or should his life be spent in Morocco ; and whether I should accept a kind invitation to Malta, or refusing all other lands, sail only to Morocco ? It was appropriate to leave the flowers and decorations of the dining-room, and, in serious earnestness among the guns to seek in prayer His guidance for paths which only God Himself could rightly direct. It was quaintly pathetic as our kind Captain, in that surrounding, asked in prayer for us each that our way might be ordered and blessed.

No attractive persuasions could turn me from Morocco, and when eight years had passed and we met again, Captain R—— and I felt with greatest joy that our way had been rightly made, difficulties had been overcome, and blessing had abounded beyond all our thoughts in the Bay of Gibraltar.

Incidents of interest fill ordinary life on this Rock. An intelligent soldier appointed to take me through the galleries spoke while exploring them of the torrents of abuse falling on men of the regiments who became decided Christian people, saying, "I couldn't stand that—boots thrown at you at night, your things taken away, and jeering—any amount of it."

He was an open-hearted fellow ; I asked if he would like to come to the next service at Europa. When the time came, not knowing if he were present, I suggested singing the hymn "Over the line," and told the soldiers its origin. A young gentleman was walking home with two older ones, one of them a well-known officer, and they sought to persuade their young friend not to drift on in life, careless or undecided between the world and a Christian course. They bade him good-bye at the entrance to his father's grounds, believing he disregarded their words, but as he walked up the drive he stopped, deeply impressed in heart with the truths set before him, and drawing a line across the road with his walking-stick, he would take no step further, saying to himself he ought to decide now.

Still hesitating, but at last resolutely praying, he decided he would live for Christ and break off from all that is contrary to Him, and he stepped over the line across the road, soon telling his parents who had longed for his making this decision, and proving in life that the grace of God had led him to it. The hymn and its story and the subjects dwelt on that day, were made a blessing to my friend of the galleries, and he too decided he would bear what came—for he would acknowledge Christ and live for Him.

XII

VOYAGES

SIXTEEN voyages across the Bay of Biscay made an experience of many storms. When we steamed into the dark, bluish-black clouds covering the horizon, we knew what was coming. Seventy-two hours going against a high east wind—we were kept that length of time in the Bay one autumn,—snow beating against my cabin port-hole, and water dripping into the berth where I gladly stayed, making ineffectual attempts to keep warm, until fellow-passengers kindly urged my taking the trouble to come out and cheer them in the almost dark saloon, where it went to one's heart to see the strongest men dismayed—lengthways on sofas in fear, and calling on God, to whom they were little accustomed to appeal, while others exclaimed as they saw wreckage about, knowing we too might become a wreck in this most disastrous storm of the season. In another crossing of the Bay, the captain doubted if he could bring our ship through the tremendous sea and tempest we encountered; we were battered down two nights and part of three days. With two

bright ladies the time was so happy in our uncomfortable surroundings, the real danger scarcely impressed me, except when our ship remained motionless and I feared the fires were put out ; but we talked and sang, and remembered that God was with us, and all the crashing and breaking which seemed like a general smash, did not diminish the joy of His presence. Our floor was covered with broken glass and china, but other cabins were inches deep in water, and in one compartment allotted to twelve brave sailors going to join their ship in India, the partition dividing it from one full of heavy luggage gave way, and as the boxes tumbled in, the sailors came out, and gave their strong hands to work our ship through the terrible storm. Those cheery sailors had joined us in calm days in morning prayer and worship, and now in high good humour they gave invaluable help when each skilled man was sorely needed, laughingly telling me of their sudden turn out.

Having to make a voyage farther south, on the west coast of Africa, from Tangier to Mogador, we were going early on board, as no place was secured for me, when a gentleman detained us long in the rain in the rough morning until we were an hour late ; and reaching the high vessel in our little rowing boat, its steam was up, the hatchways closed, and in their haste to start the only means for our getting on to it were massive ropes hanging down and little pieces of iron attached to a cord shaken

out over the side of the rolling ship. The rope ends we had to catch were alternately far above our heads and deep down under water. My faithful escort doubtfully asked me, "Do you think you can do that?"

I said, "No, but it has to be done."

Waiting for the right moment, the sailors exclaimed, "Now!" and I caught one rope and tried to follow their next charge, "Pull up by the ropes, don't trust the steps." It was so difficult to continue up so great a height, my ulster wet and heavy, the ropes very large and slippery, and the vessel swinging to and fro. I felt a drop into the sea was better than that strain; but at last gaining the edge of the hatchway, we came on board like fishes flung on deck, and quickly fixing our passage, the ship was off. She was German, and I found true German kindness and politeness, the captain giving me his cabin, and the cheerful good humour of his fellow country people making genial pleasure in the voyage. We wished to land and make a visit at Mazagan, for which the Arabs in their strong rowing boats demanded £1 to take us safely. I protested against so large a sum; they pleaded the danger of the shore and its need of their skill to secure our not being upset. Knowing this was true, I made a compromise; they brought us through the violent currents and dashing surf, and our visit proved very important to multitudes of people. Indeed, the whole voyage had so many

good results, I was deeply thankful for getting through its first difficulties.

Reaching the harbour at Mogador, we soon found the kindest welcome in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Zerbib, whose charming home was a paradise to me after our experiences. Its open galleries, with a profusion of flowers and birds, and an English breakfast table with everything inviting—it was all a fairy-land. Even the chameleons came trustfully to my windows, changing their hue to the colour of where they were.

My good escort and caretaker from Tangier had to sail away farther south, and I was alone with new friends in strange South Morocco. But the harrowing cruelties prevailing there soon banished other thoughts. A display of terribly ill-treated prisoners entered the town in long procession, to exhibit thus barbarously the weight of imperial power, and the shocking fate of those who fell under the royal displeasure, whether guilty or innocent. One hundred and forty-seven men in greatest misery, were taken off the camels carrying them: the dying travelled packed in panniers slung across the backs of mules. All the crowd were ravenously hungry, the irons riveted on their limbs chafed and wounded them in riding fearfully. As they sat down on the warm sand, twenty-five fastened together on a chain, in circles, making a compact mass of suffering, it was bewildering what first to do; but kind words made brighter faces; and then

we gave bread, followed by bandages for every one to soothe their inflamed sores made by riding in heavy irons in burning sunshine. Later we provided loose calico garments, for many had only shreds of clothing, and they were to be immured hopelessly in underground dungeons, very cold in winter and hot in summer. We had part of three days freely with these poor prisoner friends before they continued their very suffering journey. They had exceedingly enjoyed the time we had together, which was quite a new experience to them of Christian sympathy. One of them, we found, had fallen from his camel and broken his thigh, and in this condition he had ridden on for thirteen days wearing the heavy irons on his ankles. I first saw him appearing to be a heap of brown rags on the ground; no one paid the slightest regard to the agony he was suffering. We determined to have the bone set; the Arab doctor, however, protesting that he could do nothing until the fetters were removed. We appealed to one official after another for permission to do this, but all refused. Hours went by in this work, and at last one who was able to give the order consented. We had his limb successfully attended to, replaced his miserable rags by a new loose garment, making him so comparatively comfortable he was filled with astonishment and thankfulness.

Leaving Mogador, my friends put me in the care of Captain R——, who told me, on approaching

Mazagan, I could quite well stay one night on shore and resume our voyage next day. That night a great African storm came on, and my good captain had to steam far away to be safe from the dangerous coast, while I was rather like the shipwrecked wanderers who tell of being without anything. I was near friends, and borrowing their books, writing materials, etc., vigorously made the best of being thus stranded. A tall Arab chose unbidden to be a daily escort, accompanying me to the prison and to small shops. The natives dwelt in communities in houses like large beehives. The storm continued for five days, and where was my good Captain R——, and the ship and all my things, was a question recurring day after day. Sunday came and went, and on Monday, at last, I heard the steamer had approached. A kind friend rowed out with me to her, and Captain R—— told me his story and was amused with mine. He said he had gone 400 miles to diminish the danger of being in the heavy storm by which a tremendous sea was brought along the coast, causing so great a surf it was discernible at many miles distance.

This experience, which was sufficiently uncomfortable at Mazagan, did not hinder me from going ashore again when we came to the town of Casablanca. A high sea was running, but the captain put me in charge of his friend who was landing. Here were lonely English ladies whom it was a great pleasure to find in their isolated life seeking

the good of others. They were bearing the privations frequent in Africa ; great heat had destroyed vegetation and fruit, and where any green things remained, locusts had come in multitudes and destroyed every vestige. The return to the steamer was again rather difficult, but the captain's friends accompanied me, and as our boat mounted the high waves we constantly hoped for the best, one of the party exclaiming, " I hope we are not going to be drowned, for I have seventy dollars in my pocket ! "

When our voyage to Tangier was nearly finished, a high east wind arose and we could no longer proceed, but had to lie to under shelter of Cape Spartel, rather impatient of being thus detained in the rough open sea when we were longing to proceed. After waiting some considerable time, the captain expecting to remain all night, suddenly the wind changed and became moderate, allowing us to continue our course and reach the Tangier Harbour in safety.

Meanwhile the captain and I sat down to our cheerful dinner. He was astonished at what had occurred. I remarked, " My mother in England is always longing for my having a prosperous journey."

" Ah," he said, " I thought there was some one like that in it," and he continued a bright conversation on the certainty of the Divine care over us in danger.

XIII

MOROCCO

FROM the time when Miss Hanbury met Mr. George Müller in Switzerland, in 1876, she followed his practice of keeping a book for noting down special subjects for prayer, leaving the opposite page to insert the answers, and thenceforth this took the place of her diary. It is deeply interesting, in looking through these books, to see how many of God's dear servants, as well as various places, and needs of all sorts, were from time to time laid upon her heart for intercession, and what abundant answers are frequently recorded, often years afterwards.

Before any fresh sphere of work was entered upon, or journey undertaken, there is always the earnest prayer for guidance, that God's voice alone may be heard and His will carried out, and that blessing may result to others. This is markedly the case before her first visit to Brittany, and later when Morocco was in her mind.

She wrote on August 2nd, 1889:—

Lately has risen up the thought, Should I, late this year, go for a visit to Tangier and round ? Lord, Thou only art knowing—I know not—my mind is to it—but only if Thou dost call me thus. Then with all my heart I should go ; but only if it please Thee to make the way. Lord, if I go, be pleased to make all wish me to go, and rather

push me and set me going, and let it then be good for others.

August 18.—All are willing—no one hinders. Poor Morocco and its sufferings! I long for it. May I reach Tetuan, and wherever our Lord wills; and, above all, if I go, may it all be to our dear Lord's praise, and to His good pleasure. Lord, wilt Thou lead me out, and make me ready in every way.

September 19.—To-morrow, the Lord willing, I start for Africa. Oh, Lord, it is in Thy hand; keep me in Thy will and in communion with Thyself. If it please Thee, keep me from accident or sharp illness . . . Oh, Lord, for the poor Moors: arise, we beseech Thee, look on those agonized creatures in prison. Make me something for Thyself unto them. We ask for Thy dear Son's sake. Lord, wilt Thou speak to them of Thyself, and may a blessing come from Thee unto many. Oh, Lord, as nothing I go forth: wilt Thou be All, we pray Thee. Wilt Thou answer prayer for Morocco.

That these longings were abundantly answered is shown by her own story of events during the eight visits she subsequently paid to Morocco, as well as by letters received from those who learnt to love her and value her devoted work on behalf of the suffering prisoners and others in that land.

When first going to Morocco in 1889, my desire was to use every opportunity to bring comfort and

some rays of Christian light among the suffering Moors, and especially to the prisoners, whom it was frequently so very difficult to reach in their miserable dungeons. Some time after landing, I spent a week near to one of the State prisons, and was very thankful to have the opportunity of diminishing the suffering, and greatly cheering some of the most distressed. We found exceedingly interesting persons hopelessly immured in these terrible places, suffering from disease and want of every kind.

In addition to the care for these despairing people, I penetrated to the houses of the poorest and most helpless of the community, finding the utmost need for friendly aid. In these places, and on every hand, there was the opening for sympathy and kindness. In the beautiful country of Morocco the people are exceedingly alive to genuine regard and interest. So far from their Mohammedan faith making any barrier to our happy social intercourse, I found, from the very first days among them, open hearts ready to welcome whatever subjects I desired to bring before them. With the help of the kind escort who frequently accompanied me, Mr. Aisa Farah, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, we established a tent, which was afterwards exchanged for a small Hall, for the purpose of extending a welcome to those Moors who liked to come to us outside the walls of Tangier. I greatly wished to see them socially, and to use

every opportunity for happy intercourse, not for any purposes of charity or controversial preaching, but to bring them into the atmosphere of Christian life and sympathy. For ten years the changing companies of people, frequently from the most remote parts of Morocco, have continued daily coming to the Hall, to their great joy and interest.

In 1894, when travelling in the interior, we made a *détour* to fall in with the large escort accompanying our British minister. Some of the party, whom we knew well, pointed out the route they advised us to follow. Having many misgivings as to where we should arrive, I asked my people repeatedly to enquire of those we met as to whether it was safe to go on. They expressed no doubt about it ; but when evening was coming on, we found ourselves so surrounded by rocks and woods, I said, laughing, to my companion, " This is the spot where robbers ought to come out on every side ! " He was more grave as we proceeded through the magnificent scene. Soon I heard shouting from the highest cliffs, followed by whistling as if from every tree. It was plain that we were in a well-known nest of robbers, but we had to go on and sleep at their headquarters. Our chief man dismounted, and hastened to the highest point at hand, intending to give notice if we were molested, which, in this case, would have been quite in vain, the whole district being occupied by the highwaymen.

None of us knowing the right track, we sought to find it as ingeniously as we could, stumbling among such rocks and bushes, that I had to dismount. All now were on foot except our one servant, who was white with terror. The mountain ascent was long, and on arriving at the wild little hamlet we were so unwelcome we could gain no permission to pitch our tents; wherever we attempted it we were driven away; but at last a deaf and dumb man showed us a little grassy spot, where we encamped. As the glowing sun set over the vast expanse of forest, and the full moon rose, the beauty of the scene was thrilling, and most charming to contemplate, whilst the wildness of the people surrounded us with difficulty and danger. They refused water or provisions for us and our animals; and as night was settling in we sat around our own broken scraps, our beasts being tied up without any food. As we saw the risks increasing we sent two of our party to the chief of the robbers announcing that we had come from a distance, and that we must request him to give us guards to keep watch around us during the night. They were all of the same gang; but we now had to settle in for such rest as we could get. As I sat before the tent door, watching the brilliant stars over the mountain tops, it was a moment that made very real the words of the twenty-third Psalm, taking away the sense of the actual danger close at hand. We

had agreed to be off at the earliest possible time in the morning, and, after taking the scantiest remains of food, we started, winding down another side of the mountain, and deeply thankful to reach the valley in safety. At night we encamped by the town of Tetuan; and, telling our English Consular Agent of our unintentional visit to the robbers, he exclaimed, "How could you think of going there! No one does it. They live entirely by plunder; several mules are brought up to their headquarters every day, and travellers are habitually waylaid."

Gladly leaving this region behind, we proceeded to the port of Tetuan, and found the coast gay with the tents of families who were enjoying the seaside life. Choosing what appeared the most suitable spot for our little company, we rejoiced in being on the shores of the blue Mediterranean; but as evening closed in, a violent wind rose, and just as I finished writing, dressed in a waterproof and travelling-cap, a strong gust overturned the tent, enveloping me in the midst. My kind escort hastened to disentangle me, leading me away to a Moorish military tower, where we sought shelter; but the soldiers protested, "No, no, a Nazarene, a lady, no, no!"

We went on to a caravanserai of mules, where a Spanish woman kindly admitted me to her little room, and I was glad to be in safety.

Next day our friend Abdessalam came riding to invite us to the excellent English Government

House he was then occupying ; but, remembering Moorish customs, I declined his very kind wish. In the afternoon, however, the boisterous wind returned in full force, and, feeling it impossible to encounter a second fall of the tents, I told our party we would all start for the house of our friend. He would scarcely allow me to make the apologies I felt were due for bringing our party, now quite unexpectedly, and received us with the warmest welcome. With true Arab hospitality, he only rejoiced in having the visit. He was a Moorish gentleman, having kindest sympathy with true Christians. For years he had listened with increasing interest to subjects of the Bible, and frequently allowed them to have marked influence in his life. Thus our many hours of intercourse were filled with deepest interest. It was a new thing in his life to give his earnest attention to the amelioration of the sufferings of the distressed, in which he gradually became willingly engaged. In times of private worship his marked appreciation and delight were a joy to us.

In moving about in the interior of Morocco I became acquainted with many instances of cruelty and oppression which it was possible, patiently and gently, to mitigate or remove. Thus, when going through a city, an Arab had asked if we would look at another prison. I assented, wondering if there could be one unknown to me. He led us through the narrowest little zigzag alleys, opening on a miser-

able prison without doors, where we found a woman chained through the wall, with a heavy iron collar round her neck, so fastened that she could not lie down—but she could crouch on the ground—her clothes torn, and entirely insufficient for the sharply cold weather prevailing at that time. With tears streaming down her face, she implored us to do something for her. She had been in this condition for years! The food supplied to her was so disgracefully coarse, we exclaimed we would not give it to a dog! Children stood around laughing and jeering, but some neighbours spoke to us kindly about her. We followed up her case, and, after six months of persevering effort, she was set free. The next year, when I saw her again, she was respectable, and with a calm, pleasant face. In this case it was not the Mohammedans who imprisoned her. In other instances we found lunatics treated with a fearful degree of unnecessary cruelty. But, difficult as some of these cases are, the Moors have been exceedingly kind in regarding my entreaties on behalf of the sufferers.

We travelled to different spots, frequently bringing unspeakable joy to prisoners and others in distress. This made me scarcely regard the degree of unavoidable danger encountered. Sitting at breakfast beside our tents on a lovely summer morning, I was informed that in our route of that day, a little caravan had just been stopped, the men plundered, the women carried off, and the mules taken away.

We had to consider what we should do. I said, "I think we must go. We do not know all about it, and we must pursue our journey"; which we did, and passed in safety.

When going over the same country another time, our men urged keeping along the sea shore. In vain I protested we should not reach the far-stretching rocky points in time for the tide. We hastened on, but as we approached the promontory what I feared began to threaten us. The sea had come up so high, our animals could scarcely keep their ground. We had a soldier on this occasion, who was going first. Our men shouted to him, "Now, Kaid, take us safely!" A vain charge in the midst of the surging waves! We plodded on, and, happily, no especially large Atlantic wave overtook us. The points were rounded, and we safely on the sand, thankful for having escaped no trifling danger.

On another occasion, when passing among tribes who were at war, we had to turn aside from the route we had intended because, in an unsettled state of the country, it is unsafe to be travelling after daylight. Thus we made our course to a little hamlet in a hilly district. Friends had desired me to take no tent or equipment for the night, but I was decided to have a camp bedstead. Thus, on the open hills, we found ourselves with the animals tethered around the fire, and my little bed under the glittering stars. It was a strange sur-

rounding when in the night an armed, mounted figure rode toward us in the moonlight ; but, expecting that he meant no harm, I quietly rested, being rather more disturbed by occasional shots in the distance. These were opportunities for patience !

Our men liked that I should make decisions, and in another journey, when evening was coming, they appealed to me whether we should ride on through the woods or turn aside to a wild little cluster of huts. I said, "Certainly, we go to the huts." Arrived there, no one was willing for us to encamp. At last a tall Moor with a smiling face, who had been in our Moorish Room at Tangier, gave us a welcome, and I felt safe. But, from the many consultations about our proceeding in the morning, and other remarks, I began to suspect there was more danger than I knew in our surroundings. A company of armed men started close behind us on our departure, and as we wound through the woods there seemed to be a good deal of looking around, and a general expression of relief from our own people as we approached open ground. These things were explained when a messenger came to us a little later, saying, "Do you know what danger you have escaped ? After you arrived at those huts, three armed men of the woods came to ask about you." He evidently considered they had designs of plunder.

I had soon to see the Khalifa of the district, to

tell him where I wished to make an encampment, but he said, "It is not safe; robbers are about. I cannot ensure your protection in that place."

Still I urged it, adding, "I have just been at Ain Cottar."

"You have been at Ain Cottar!" he exclaimed. "I would not go there on any account."

I continued to plead for my desired encampment.

"Well," he replied, "you have been to Ain Cottar; you can do anything!"

So we gladly established ourselves among the prickly pears I knew so well, above the sounding waves, and far from the noise of any town. In the peaceful hours of the night, in my tent, I suddenly heard shots firing, and cries at a short distance from us. But, after our various alarms, I was unwilling for another; and thinking, "It is Morocco; I will not even light a match," I turned round to continue sleeping. In the morning I was told the robbers came quite near us, and had plundered people on the grass outside the prickly pears.

In September, 1890, with my good escort Aisa Farah, we started for a week's ride in the lightest Morocco travelling fashion with only one small saddle bag. Although our horses were ready at ten, it was two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, before a friend who detained us thought his affairs sufficiently arranged to allow us to start,—too late to reach any known suitable shelter for the night;

but I was fixed upon our setting out, and my beautiful Arab horse soon hurried us away to the open wilds. Taking only one servant, my escort anxiously considered where I could sleep. The sun was sinking low, when on the hills we met a Spanish gentleman hunting with his horse and dogs. He had the power to give an order that we should be received in a large establishment for rearing cattle and stock of all kinds. Mr. Farah told him our case. He listened kindly to the story of an English lady with nowhere to sleep, and wrote the precious order; then we speeded downhill in the glowing evening colours, saw what seemed miles of cattle streaming toward our common shelter, and arrived when daylight was fast going. We and our tethered horses stayed together outside. My trustful creature looked delighted when I brought him little handfuls of grass, so gently taking it in a grateful affectionate way, he seemed strung with human-like feeling. Evidently it was not alone the food, but kind words and caressing that gave him pleasure.

Inside the vast dwelling a large salon was allotted to me with a very small bed, three doors, and so many wonderful things, it was in vain to make any inspection; to rest in the little bed was best. When settled there, I heard a live thing moving, plainly on the go in my salon. So far from agreeable was it to wake my escort or others in the rambling mansion, I fixed to be unmoved whatever

was going about, and finally slept. In the morning a pigeon was flying about me.

After breakfast we had to proceed in the calm lovely morning, our permission only extending so long. Mr. Farah unwarily allowed his horse to lie down in a broad river we soon had to cross. He rode on quickly in the sunshine in order to dry his soaked clothing; but this misadventure, and our soon having to stay in a very damp house, injured his health.

Our early start next morning was in drizzling rain, through a wild, rocky, bushy way. At mid-day we came to an arm of the sea. I was a little tired with the alternating heat and storms, and dismounting I fell down like a paper doll on the sands. A high ferry boat was brought up for us and our animals, but with nothing to enable the horses to get into it. Between blows and kicks and pulling tails, the terrified creatures were expected to jump over the high sides. When my beautiful steed came out of this ferry, his delicate limbs were bleeding and lame, and he had to hold up one foot. Here was a trouble, as he had to carry me on quickly. Taking off my riding gloves, I smoothed away the red stains, and stroked the injured places, telling him he would soon be better. He put down the hurt foot, and assuring him it was all right, we soon started.

Our way was immediately up a steep ascent with wet slabs of stone. Mr. Farah entreated me to go

very carefully, but I assured him it was safest to go as fast as we could. Clattering up at the greatest speed, the horses' hoofs sounded through the little town. We arrived at the Pasha's house, and were gravely told we must wait ; it was his birthday, and women were serenading him. This meant the roughest performance on tomtoms around his door. We stayed in this din until it was difficult to keep my horse from lying down and going to sleep. At length the great man could be seen, and with overflowing politeness he asked me if I should prefer staying in a tent or having a house ? I chose the latter, as the weather was now a continuance of storms and rain, and we found ourselves in a Moorish house, which was damp in the extreme. My salon had wide entrance doors and no window.

A multitude of interests opened out to us in this town. I wished to enter the prison and cheer the prisoners ; the Pasha was equally reluctant that I should go inside. " I want to beg of you not to ask it," he said ; and though I answered I did wish it, I quite understood he had good reasons for his unwillingness, and we made a satisfactory compromise, he promising me every prisoner should come up before me at the door, and we might freely say to them what we desired.

When we reached the prison, the astonished inmates came to us in wonder, but by degrees were assured that we came with heartfelt interest ; and as they listened to the words of my companion on the

love of God to *them*, their pale unhappy faces brightened with some new joy, while they stretched out their long hands wide open, meaning to say, "We are receiving what you are saying to us."

It was a delightful occasion of kind hearty words said to the most despairing creatures, followed by a distribution of food among them, and friendly conversation. Year by year we were able to continue visits to this place, finding fresh instances of pitiful suffering which we thankfully sought to alleviate.

During this journey we frequently met natives who, though strangers to me, expressed deepest thankfulness for kindness I was ignorant of. Thus, while watching some men who were making a large tank, they accosted us, saying, "Is it you who have been so kind to our gentleman who was driven away from his home here?"

I knew nothing about it, but soon heard that that most unjustly oppressed gentleman had come to our Moorish Room for months, and while he was still forced to be away from his estate, his neighbours, who were attached to him, knew the comfort he had found in the welcome and shelter of my little Hall.

In the Market Place one day a bright young Moor came with warmest pleasure and gratitude, saying he had been with us in the Moorish Room, thinking we must remember it and the subjects spoken of that evening, recounting to us what he had heard read. We had similar instances in the open country, when a Moor would join us, and con-

verse with great interest on times he had thus enjoyed.

We had various opportunities for intercourse with leading people of the neighbourhood. One of these invited me to spend an evening with his wife, for which I was singularly unprepared, having only my riding-dress, but this was not important. We met at once with joy on my arrival. She was a beautiful young creature, and the only wife, and knowing a little imperfect English, our conversation was unhindered. With open heart she brought me entirely into her life, and listened with delight as I recounted to her the thoughts and happy faith of English Christian ladies. In all this she had warm sympathy, telling me of time she had spent with such ladies, greatly enjoying their company and what they had said to her, adding, "Oh, how I did cry when I left those ladies!"

In the spot where I found her, she had no friend; she never left the house, and to my regret she had nothing to do. I silently looked with astonishment at the elderly slave seated near her on her beautiful cushions. Later on in my visit she remarked, "You may be surprised that I have so near me this old woman, but she is a dear old soul, and I like to have her just by, for I have no one."

This lovely lady was really attached to her husband. She was in intimate intercourse with the mother of the present Sultan, going every year to visit her at the Moorish Court. Her picturesque

jewellery did not diminish her pretty looks; her delicate silver earrings, ornamented with precious stones, reached to the middle of her cheeks, needing a little silver chain over the head to sustain them. We glided about over the soft carpet without shoes, and when the supper came, reclined around it on cushions raised a few inches from the ground, still enjoying our heartfelt talk. Seeing a European piano in her room, I begged her to play something, scarcely expecting that she could do it; but she slowly acceded, and played "Home, Sweet Home." Then I asked for some singing, anything that would be no trouble to her, and, taking up a nicely bound book of notes, she sang the little hymn, beginning, "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so." This was a delightful instance of the very happy association we may have with the Moorish ladies, and also with their families. One gentleman asked me to visit his three sons and his wife, in his home. She was a very kind, intelligent lady, and the lads were delightfully bright in mind and apprehension. One of them, dressed in purple and green and white, sat with me on the floor, enjoying photographs and things that I showed him and told him about. Then he took me to the top of the house, pointing out the beautiful scenes around. His eldest brother was not well and in bed. I sent to him a transparent slate and pencil. His slave returned grinning with pleasure to show the well-drawn copy his

master had made. After a year or two these lads lost both their excellent parents, but they still kept up friendly intercourse with us, one or more of them coming to my useful escort for instruction in various subjects.

After our frequent visits to the prison, and breathing its noisome atmosphere, we went, if possible, for rides in the country, to avoid the ill effects of much time spent in these wretched dungeons. On our way one day we fell in with a considerable Bedouin encampment. Mr. Farah said we must alight here, and, joining the Moors on the dry grass around their dark tents, they eagerly listened to his interesting words. He always gained the attention of such people immediately, and they were delighted with our visit, keeping us long from continuing our ride. In these apparently chance opportunities there may be a great deal of good done among the people.

When leaving this town, in which we had had valuable intercourse with all classes, it was pleasant to set out on our return journey, feeling we left those behind in whose hearts some deep impression had been made. Three years later some of the leading gentlemen, with whom Mr. Farah had conversed, walked some distance to my little encampment, wishing to hear of him and to express their great appreciation of him, and their warm thanks for the books we sent them. On my telling them that Mr. Farah was no longer living, they exclaimed,

"Oh! he is certainly in heaven!" and they listened with deepest interest to particulars of his peaceful end.

Returning we rode quickly over the beautiful sand at the edge of the Atlantic, till our horses had to scramble up a rocky way to continue our course. Later on, the wind was so cold and wild we were glad to take shelter anywhere, at one time eating a little food in an open shanty consisting of a reed roof supported by poles on a high, bleak hill. The same evening we thankfully reached Tangier, after a week full of interest.

In 1892, whilst in Morocco, my horse fell and broke my arm, giving me a good opportunity for time amongst the Moors individually, and the evenings at the Moorish Room. One well-known native specially interested me on account of the dangers and difficulties in which I found him. He had an excellent character amongst the Europeans around his home further south; there he had land and considerable possessions, living with his wife and seven children in much comfort. But unhappily one of his beautiful horses, with its handsome saddle, attracted the greed of a neighbouring governor, who also began to desire other things belonging to him. My friend saw the danger of beginning to give in to these wishes, and in the difficulties that ensued, the governor sentenced him to be fastened to the ground and have gunpowder put into his eyes and ears and nose and mouth, and all set fire to, a horrible punish-

ment used in Morocco, mangling the unfortunate victim frequently without causing death. To escape this he fled away in the night, and finally I saw him among the people at the Moorish Room, and was struck by his great interest in the subjects of which we spoke. Added to his other troubles, a Frenchman had cheated him out of a very considerable sum of money, and the moderate amounts sent to him from his home were often much reduced by robbery on the way. Thus he was brought into the greatest need and poverty. Every evening he joined us in our little Hall, and I was delighted to see the eagerness with which he drank in the comforting words of some of the Psalms, which brought to him gladness in the midst of all his distress.

Whilst I was disabled through my injured arm for about six weeks, he was constantly at hand to be useful in any possible way. Often he urged with tears his desire to return to his wife and children, but I was obliged to persuade him on no account to risk going, but to wait until we could secure for him sufficiently strong protection. At last we got some of the money returned by the Frenchman, and from the representatives of two governments we obtained the needed protection. It was very interesting to see how much he valued being with kind European friends. He took pleasure in conversation and reading, and was much impressed with the life he was brought into, some-

times saying, "I should like to be a Christian!" When he was at home on his own land, he had willingly given attention to the troubles of the poor and the distressed, and now in his own time of affliction he acknowledged that God had raised up a friend for him.

Looking back over the time spent in Morocco, I thankfully remember the constant courtesy and consideration I received from the Pashas, Khalifas and Governors. It was frequently a pleasure to meet them and speak with them of the subjects occupying my time, and I found a friendly feeling wherever I went.

At one of the Custom Houses, when I was putting down the money due for my goods, the Moorish gentleman in charge exclaimed, "No, no, we cannot take anything from you ; you have been kind to our people."

On one occasion, when the Sultan was staying at Tangier with his multitude of followers, I was often interested in watching his manner of moving about. Once, when countless numbers were accompanying him, he suddenly commanded the whole procession to stop because of an old woman with a paper in her hand approaching him. The Sultan was remarkably tall and handsome, and the effect of his kind manner on an occasion of this sort was very striking. When poor little children wished to kiss his stirrup, he forbade his soldiers to drive them away ; thus in his gay, imposing progress, one saw little incidents of beautiful character.

At this time our late British Minister, Sir William Kirby Green, was in frequent intercourse with the Sultan, who welcomed his free conversations, and was not averse to them, although he exclaimed, "You do not consult me, you dictate to me!"

Sir William Green had to adapt his European style of talking to what the Sultan would best understand, often telling in a parable what he wished should much impress him. The Sultan would say days after, "I remember that story you told me!"

In these days the information Sir William Green kindly gave me about Morocco was invaluable, and made me deeply feel how wary we must be in all we do in that land. Being much interested about prisoners, the experience that he had regarding them, taught me to do all very carefully and gently. He told me that one time he had a strong desire to gain the freedom of a prisoner, but so great was the difficulty of finding whether he was alive or dead, or what prison he was in, that he had to pay a man to go into prison for several months, which resulted finally in his discovering his prisoner and setting him free. It was a constant pleasure and help to have the counsel of Sir William, who, in the midst of his press of work, always asked that I would freely speak with him on any subject; and after his lamented death Lady Kirby Green continued all the kindness of her husband, also joining me in

seeking the good of the natives in many ways, and in later years making her house my home in Morocco.

TRUE STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF MOORISH LIFE.

A rich man began to have cause for fearing his still richer neighbour, and to see the growing necessity for seeking some protection; but in his patriotic feeling he exclaimed, "I won't go to any Christian, no, certainly; I will go to our far more wealthy acquaintance some distance off." Thus he arrived after a short time at the house of his powerful friend, told his story, and asked if he might have his protection and stay with him.

"Yes; you may stay with me," the great man replied; and grateful for thus being in safety, the visitor had large quantities of produce sent to him weekly from his own estates. Thus his host was quickly remunerated, and he remained with him for nine months. But his first enemy had not relinquished his designs; he also arrived at the dwelling of the wealthy host, saying, "Sell me that man; sell him for 100 dollars."

"Yes, you can have him," was the reply, and the bargain was made. Soldiers went to his estate and house, carrying off all his property, and, finally, seizing him and his two brothers, thrust them into prison, each one receiving more than 1,000 lashes. The two brothers died under this cruel treatment, but the owner of the estate survived, remaining

very long in prison. At last the time came when he got free. An excellent friend of mine found him sitting by a tiny hut in great poverty. He said, "You see me here, with nothing around. I have wealth enough under the ground to build a good house, but I am afraid to do it or to touch my money, and must just live here with my wife and my donkey and chickens." Such sweeping injustice abounds in Morocco.

I knew a much-valued man, living in a beautiful village, who came with a companion bringing gifts to a neighbouring governor. They were liberal presents, but the ruler said it was not enough, and ordered him to be thrown into prison. There I found this grand old gentleman, whom we well knew to be no criminal; indeed he was of so superior and sensitive a mind that the cruel oppression was breaking his heart. Though his position was influential, he was not rich in cash; so there he stayed long in prison. At length the governor declared that if he would give or collect among his friends a considerable sum of money he should be set at liberty. The required sum was got together and paid in, but he was kept in prison. We sought on every hand for influence in his favour, and after a long time had expired he was brought out shattered in health.

On a lovely summer morning we arrived at his village to see our friend now in freedom. His unbounded joy and gratitude were quite

touching. There among flowers and fruit trees we spent the day in happy intercourse, a large part of the village gradually seating themselves around. Towards evening we had to ride away. Among the various presents he entreated us to accept, he put a live sheep, which had to ride on our restless animals by turns with some difficulty, and was equally a care when crossing the sea on a ferry, but proved exceedingly useful, for with the addition of two goats it made a feast for the prisoners in the next town.

When I was staying at Mogador, in the south of Morocco, there was opportunity for gaining accurate information of the cruelties practised there. Some of these are now less frequent in the north, but have been sadly prevalent elsewhere. The general custom of fettering prisoners with a heavy ring on each ankle, joined together with an iron link, was often here in the south changed into fearfully ponderous fetters, weighing thirty or forty pounds, or even more. While I was in the town, the prisoners were moaning for food, but the governor would not allow any of our supplies to reach them.

A frequent punishment, often unjustly inflicted, was to gash the palm of the hand, filling it with salt, and tying it tightly over with a wet skin, not only causing fearful pain, but rendering it entirely stiff and useless. Often lime was used instead of salt, and the hand then plunged into

water, the unfortunate man having his arms bound and left in this condition for nine days, at the end of which time the hand was entirely destroyed. The utter want of food supplied by Government causes fearful suffering in various prisons. Despairing and starving, they sit in heavy chains—pale, white creatures, the picture of misery, sometimes too weak to creep a few steps to receive the bread we brought to them. In some cases there was an equal want of water, of which there was no supply either for drinking or washing. The entreaties for help to get it were most pitiful when we came to such prisons. In some places we arranged for it to be provided, but we fear in other spots it is still an extreme need. The cruelties were not confined to prisons but were extended to many free persons. A governor of a certain town put himself in league with a Jew to accuse the country people of paying for their purchases with false money. The rustic folks knew certainly they had paid in true coin, but the Jew had his store of false money, showing them (as he said) the very pieces that they had used. They knew the accusation to be entirely false; but terrified by the consequences that might ensue, made another payment, the governor and the Jew sharing this iniquitous source of revenue.

The state of prisoners would in many respects be improved if any list of their names were made, and record of the cause of their being in jail. The

entire absence of such statement helps to continue a general ignorance of why the prisoners are there. Governors do not know how many are in captivity, nor have they any document to refer to on the subject. Thus we know of some who for many years have been in heavy irons, enduring great suffering without knowing the cause of their imprisonment, nor could any one around them explain it. These circumstances, together with scarcely any or no food being supplied by Government, give rise to indescribable miseries, which we believe many Moorish gentlemen would gladly have removed. Some of these have willingly given serious attention to alleviate such distress. I cannot but hope that the sympathy of others regarding these matters will be much more called out. I have found kindly feeling among the Moors of all classes, buried for want of developing, but easily awakened to warm interest for the good of others.

A touching instance came before me in one of the most wretched prisons. Seeing a few who evidently had no means for necessary food, and asking how they could subsist, I was told that their hungry companions habitually put together scraps for their use from their own most scanty provision.

In very different life and surroundings a Moorish gentleman, who had thought little about the poor, began to give his attention to mitigating their

sufferings, until his most useful help for them occupied much of his strength and time. His patient, amiable visits to the most wretched it was a pleasure to share in, and with his help as a native we could accomplish much more for their comfort.

It is well known to those who are acquainted with the real state of Morocco, that a vast amount of oppression has been carried on by the Europeans towards the Moors, partly by making false claims against them, unjustly pressing the demand, and threatening imprisonment, until finally they are forced to pay up or find themselves hopelessly incarcerated. This injustice and the abuse of the Protection system, causes hundreds of victims to be in the prisons through the oppression of Europeans who bear the name of Christians. These evils, together with the introduction of drinking and gambling and other iniquities, pressed on the natives by their more civilized neighbours, make many barriers to better influences coming into Morocco ; nevertheless I have found that its inhabitants fully appreciate what is true and good.

XIV

LAST ILLNESS

In 1887 my grandmother and aunt had removed from the Firs to my father's house at Richmond, and it was there that the Home-call came, of which she wrote in September, 1900.

IT was a sudden turn round from a life of activity, when in ten minutes I was informed that I had a fatal, incurable malady, for which nothing could be done, and which could not get better. Being alone just then, and expecting to be so for some weeks, in a singularly hot oppressive season, the vacant rooms could have looked cheerless, but they were never so. Our Home above, and the presence of our Father do light up the way to Himself, nothing in its course can compare with the glory His presence brings, though it be in solitary rooms, when joyously looking forward to His eternal kingdom.

It was not sad to put away the things for Switzerland, where I was preparing to reach the glaciers and the snowy mountains : another journey came instead, leaving all this life for ever. No wish remained to go beyond my one cheerful room ; it was always pleasant day and night. The light of the kingdom above shone down afresh on this present world, and yet far more was the reality of the



Photo by]

[Ginn & Stewart.

ELIZABETH HANBURY, TAKEN ON HER 100TH BIRTHDAY.

presence and love of God. If He withdraws us from this life, is not He asking us to enter upon so vast an eternal inheritance of joy, it is beyond our comprehension, but it fills our hearts with gladness, literally fulfilling the words, "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

To wind up all that has occupied life, and to see its end near, is no trifle: I find in it a marvellous rest, a faint shadowing of the eternal joy and calm, when all here is finished, and the kingdom of heaven entered. It is an unspeakable difference to look no more onward in this world, but to look instead to the glory and the light in the very presence of God. Through His grace I would hardly regard the detail of this mortal body coming to nothing. He has said, "It is raised in incorruption, and glory, and power." Let us trust His assurance, and at all times be careful for nothing, heartily adopting the words, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Here ends the autobiography. The sudden news of my aunt's illness was a very great surprise to all her friends. She always seemed so strong and well, enjoying the walk from Richmond to Wimbledon, a distance of five miles, on Sunday mornings, to have breakfast with us and attend the ministry of Rev. E. W. Moore. This she did even in July twice, and we had noticed no signs of declining strength, except that she occasionally mentioned a slight shortness of breath after much exertion.

In looking through her Diary, however, I find several hints that she was conscious something was the matter.

In July, 1898, she wrote : " Lord, may it please Thee to heal me, and renew me from this pain and malady somewhere."

Again, in February, 1900 : " May the threatened malady, if Thy will, cease. In the name of Thy blessed Son I would pray for this, and for greater blessing in it if continued. Show me, O Lord, Thy purpose in my present time, and be pleased to fit me for following all Thy holy will." Again in May, 1900 : " May my one employment be Thy will. May I, through grace, be *ready* for whatever it be, and ready to depart Home—ready, too, for just Thy will here hour by hour with joy in Thyself. Give to me wisdom, O Lord, and love, and self-forgetting, and enable me to set all things in order and be *ready*."

July 1, 1900, she wrote : " Have just walked to Wimbledon to breakfast with the dear Moores. . . . This month and next alone here (Richmond). Lord, wilt Thou take these days into Thy own hand, and fill them with Thy presence. Let me make ready, if Thy good will, to stand waiting and ready, if Thy call should come unto Thyself. May I learn all Thou wilt teach and show me of things to come. Heavenly Father, hast Thou aught for me in the world beyond, that is Thy will I should go, and be there, and be doing? What Thou wilt ; in loving trust toward Thee, let me rejoice in whatever be Thy will. Winding up is my thought now. O Lord, wilt Thou speak, may I listen and follow.

If I may go to Switzerland, if Thy will, praise to Thy Holy Name. It would be a great boon. I seem to need it more than a little. Thou art knowing, O Lord."

But so little was any cause for anxiety suspected, that my father and family had gone to Scotland for the summer holidays, leaving her with her dear aged mother at Richmond, and she was busy making preparations for a trip to Switzerland in September, when the others should return. At the end of July letters from herself and the family doctor brought the startling news that she had asked Dr. F. to call, as the difficulty of breathing had so increased, and he discovered that she was suffering from an incurable malady, which had already got such hold of her that no treatment could save her life. We heard afterwards that she met the doctor cheerily in the hall, and, taking him into the drawing-room, she told him why she had sent for him, and he proposed to come again next day and make a further examination. She begged him to do it at once and tell her everything—the worst—for she had no fear. He complied, and looked very grave, saying he would not like to say it to most people, but he knew she had no fear. It was the worst, for she was suffering from cancer in the breast, which had already gone so far (reaching the left lung and affecting the heart) that nothing could be done. She just exclaimed, "Oh! I'm *so* glad!" and it was evident she was greatly relieved to find the illness must take its own course. Probably she had never mentioned what must have been suspected by her for some time, as she wished to leave it till no human interference was possible. The last entry in her *Diary* is very touching.

"*July 26, 1900. Thursday.*—Praise be to our Lord! Yesterday Dr. Fergusson said that cancer has affected much of my left side, left lung, etc.

Nothing can be done, and it will not get better. It is not pain—it is short breath, etc. A message “Come” from Him whose love and grace fill eternity. Praise to Him! Lord, will it please Thee to order it moment by moment, and keep me stayed on Thee. It is peace and joy in Thyself. It is rest, praise to Thy Holy Name! Wilt Thou bless these weeks only in this house and garden, and now alone. Soon tired, and writing must be short.”

On hearing the news my desire was to go to her at once, and in a few days the way was clear for me to leave the family party at Grantown-on-Spey, and follow my dear father to Richmond. It had been difficult to picture the loved one, who had always been known in vigorous health, now laid aside by illness, and one scarcely liked to think what it might be to her to be kept in one room and possibly suffering; but all dread was dispelled on entering that sick-room, so sunny and cheerful, with windows in two directions, and being greeted by her own bright cheery smile, and loving words that told of perfect peace in the certainty that God’s will was the very best, and that the prospect of soon being “with Him” was most joyful. Her strength had rapidly failed. First she had to give up the stairs, then the moving from one room to another, and from the time I reached her she never left her own room. She could not lie down, as the difficulty of breathing increased if she put her feet up. So for three months she sat in a comfortable arm-chair day and night, the only variation being occasionally an hour or two in a rocking-chair, which seemed to make her sleep better afterwards. She never complained, but was always cheerful and praiseful, never speaking of her ailments, but making the best of everything.

When asked if she was not tired of sitting up always and

never going to bed, she would say, in her bright way, "Oh, it does very well. Sometimes I put my head on this side, and when I want a change I put it on that," resting it on pillows on a little table by her chair. The faithful trained nurse who was with her all the time, and the doctor, both felt what a unique patient they had, needing so little to be done for her, talking so brightly and naturally, and settling up everything, giving away her things, and preparing for her departure as simply as if she were about to start on a journey. The doctor said more than once, "It really seems no more to her than if she was going to Morocco!" It was very beautiful to be with her, and spend those five weeks together on the Borderland: such happy weeks of fellowship, as we thought and spoke of our Lord's wondrous love and grace in the past, and the bright prospect of her soon being in the glorious Home above. The intense reality of His presence with her, as well as all she was joyfully looking forward to, so filled her heart that there seemed no wish for anything to be different. She said one day, when speaking of the happiness of this time, "I'm sure friends cannot understand how happy these days are. Do tell them they are as happy and full of interest in their own way, as any of the former days that have been so different."

Her thoughts were much occupied with the work in Morocco, and the poor prisoners in some of those wretched dungeons, in whom she had become so deeply interested, and it was a great relief and satisfaction to her when Mr. Henry Gurney, who had seen and highly valued her work in Tangier, consented to be responsible for carrying it on.

It was very pathetic to have my dear aged grandmother in bed in another room, and unable to see her devoted daughter, who for seventy years had been her joy, the companion and comfort of her life. As she gradually began to realize the seriousness of the illness that separated them, we were so thankful that her thoughts

seemed increasingly to dwell on "the bright prospect of our spending eternity together," as she said, rather than on the possibility of her dear one going first to the heavenly home where she herself so longed to be. As her deafness would have made it very difficult for the dear invalid to speak to her, even if they could have been brought together, we all felt it was best for both to be spared the pain and effort of any leave-taking. So I carried messages from one to the other, my grandmother not unfrequently expressing hers in verse.

The faithful nurse, who had been in our home from our childhood, was still with us to share in nursing both the dear ones.

Letters from many loving friends were a great pleasure to my aunt, some from abroad telling of the blessing and cheer her visits had brought to lonely workers and others.

Being unable to reply with her own hand to them all, she wrote the following circular letter :

Dynevor House,

Richmond, Surrey,

September, 1900.

To my dear relatives and friends who are so kind as to think about me. Just a word to assure you that in being so unexpectedly shut off from usual life—other life that comes instead is far better—I am very thankful to be peaceably glad just as it is, and with no hankering for something else. It is wonderful to have a space (free from pain, or being quite disabled) to contemplate what is onward, the kingdom above that is ours, the grace giving to us this endless inheritance ; and beyond *contemplating*, to live in the life and presence of Christ

our Saviour, with doubtless no gap as to continuity between this time and eternity. He Himself lights the present, and is declared to be the Light of Heaven. While He is plainly calling me from this world, He makes all that we have in Himself so blessed, no one could wish to alter His perfect way.

So He puts the greatest thankfulness into the present, making it very beautiful with His presence in it, and in memories of years that He has thus filled.

With warm, truest thanks,

Your very grateful,

CHARLOTTE HANBURY.

The same bright, trustful, happy strain ran through all the little personal notes she was able to write at this time, and the freedom from actual pain was indeed a very special mercy. To one friend she wrote :

"All goes happily, and the days are in great degree like formerly, only no going out of my pleasant room, no being in bed ; but nights go very well, and days too—no pain, and almost no feeling of illness, rather of life not at all pulled down. So it is good to be much in the coming life, thankful for so much of the present, and all behind—a winding up of work—a great "Come unto Me and find *rest*," and leave the needed work of this life. I was to be in Switzerland now, at Zermatt, but it is better in the one chair in the one room, and then so free and quiet for what He wills."

To another friend she wrote :

" Yes, it is wonderful, nearing His presence above, and so gently led onward. My father used to say in his last week or two : ' He will take me very gently down,' and so He did. I have, and have had, no pain, and am thankful for nearly usual mind, life and activity. His presence is all. How he makes so known and great to us His precious words, when He also makes this world to be receding and the kingdom above to be taking its place. Sometimes I could think life ebbs very low, but it has grown stronger, and may He order it just as He will. How touching for me to be in so many comforts, and His dear people in China so suffering ! and my prisoners in Morocco ! All there, I trust and believe, is to go *on admirably* without me, only the dear people have a gap in their hearts. The Moorish Room greatly prospers. So, lovingly, thankfully to meet in His presence."

A few extracts from the letters written to her at this time may be interesting.

Miss S. Nugent, who was at the same time watching by our beloved friend, Rev. C. A. Fox, in his suffering illness, wrote August 25, 1900 :

" My sister and I have heard of your illness, and cannot help sending a word of deep love and sympathy. *You* do not need anyone to justify your Lord to you—you know Him too well for that, and know that if the Christ takes you over a rough road, it is itself 'paved with love.' Dear friend, how He loves you, when He can trust you

with such a surprise! How He will love unfolding His reasons to you by-and-by, and why He should allow you a sickness to be for the glory of God, instead of your loving activity.

"We remember so well all your climbing and wandering at Zermatt; and now He is taking you into further heights and deeper recesses than those, only *not without a Guide* this time. He is Himself not only Guide in this part of the way that you have not been heretofore, but your support and your staff. We send you our deep love and assurance of prayer."

And again she wrote, October 21, 1900:

"It was deeply dear of you to answer my little note by your own hand. I could hardly believe it when I saw it, and treasure it very much. Yes, indeed, what it says of the sudden swinging into harbour of the busy vessel whose voyage had not seemed nearly over, is most vividly true. And now you are waiting till the landing call comes. But He is with you in the waiting. Oh, how blessed! with you in the dear life at home, the prisons of Morocco, on the Swiss heights, and now *He* pauses with you, the same Lord. And He wants you to see into some depth of His heart which you could not have seen or known *from anywhere but where you are now!*

"*Monday.*—I have been with Mr. Fox since writing the above. He dictated the enclosed to me, and would like you to have it as a message from him. He thinks often of you: speech is *increasingly* difficult, and the fiery suffering has been great the last few days. It was several days before he could dictate enclosed."

A LIFE-EXPERIENCE VERIFIED.

"Ah, He knoweth; ah, He loveth!
Master, never let me go!
Every wound Thy skill fresh proveth,
Every cloud conceals Thy bow."

VERIFIED TO-DAY.

"Yes, to-day needs nothing newer
This brief record burns like fire ;
Old truth but flames forth the truer
As He draws still nigher, nigher.
Sweet His whisper—Come and rest,
Wrecked outright, on Jesus' breast !"

CHARLES A. FOX.

October 21, 1900.

Her cousin, Mr. Howard Lloyd, wrote, August 26, 1900 :

"I want to thank you from my heart for your letter, and to say that its words are very precious to me. There is so much in our experience of life that tries our faith, not only in the individual pathway, but still more in the sorrow and misery of the world and the woes of men—Indian famine, South African war, Chinese terrors, poverty and sin around us, and so on, that it is a joy, and rest, and gladness to know that God still keeps in inviolate peace those whose hearts are stayed on Him. And the witness you give to this, and to the certainty that passing ailments and sufferings of this present time are 'not worthy to be compared' with the things that are before, is full of help and cheer and encouragement for us all. I remember so well the first time I ever saw you, the fresh kindness, the bright sparkle of your face, and your talk. I think it must have been in the early fifties, when I was about eighteen or younger, and then a few years afterwards came the pleasant and memorable journey abroad with the Linden cousins, of which, across all the intervening years my recollection, both as regards you and them, is full of pleasure and affectionate gratitude. Nor do my thoughts linger less gratefully upon the walks and talks of the Blackdown days where your pathway was one of such happiness and blessing to others among those sun-lit hills."

Pastor A. L. Jenkins, Morlaix, Brittany, wrote August 29, 1900 :

"My dear Miss Hanbury,—

"Let me tell you how deeply I have been moved, on reading your letter, to see that in the midst of your serious illness you should have turned your thoughts towards Brittany, and remembered your friends and the work there. I have sent them your kind messages to-day, and I know they will all be with you in thought and in prayer. We all remember you with much affection, and your visits to us in Morlaix and to the friends in Brest and Guimper have not been in vain, we all received some good from them, and I felt, as well as my sisters, comforted and encouraged by them."

The Dowager Countess of Erroll wrote from Kew, September 1 :

"I received to-day your dear and most touching letter, and I welcome with true delight the cheerful words you speak in view of your approaching departure from this life! They are so full of faith and hope and joy, that in them, true glory is given to our God and Saviour, for His faithful keeping of His servant, even up to the present time. May He bless you gloriously all through the intervening time, and shine ceaselessly on you in your loving witnessing for Him! I value exceedingly the token of your affection in the gift of Mr. Bowen's beautiful writings. Thank you most gratefully, my dear Miss Hanbury, for this and for *all* your sweet words. And now, good-bye 'till we meet, till we meet at Jesus' feet' in the House of His Father, and our Father."

Pastor Theodore Monod wrote September 8, 1900 :

"What shall I say of your letter received this afternoon,

with what surprise, with what sadness, yet with what a sense of the goodness of our Father! Truly, the peace with which He fills your heart overflows into the hearts of your friends. It is especially kind of you to have added a few lines in your own handwriting, so long and so pleasantly familiar. Your prayer embodies all that we can desire for this world or for the next: 'May we ever be still more in communion with Himself.' You have ever been to me and mine a most affectionate, patient, generous, cheerful and cheering friend, taking your share of our sorrows and of our joys. And now, in the day of your extremity, 'The Lord deal kindly with you, as you have dealt with the dead, and with me' (Ruth i. 8). May He see fit to lead you gently through a summer night, full of stars, to the dawn of the everlasting day. And if He should try you for a moment by allowing you to feel something of the shadow of death, having led you into it He will lead you out of it into the light of His countenance, into the joy of His love. I wish I could share the privilege of those that are beside you; but we cannot be very far from one another, being near to Him.

"The card which I have copied for you was written quite lately under the impression of the perfect beauty of the words quoted from the book of Revelation.

"And they shall walk with Me in white.

—REV. iii. 4.

"We crave no further promise, Lord:

Why shouldst Thou add another word

To cheer our journey through the night?

O music rare!

O vision fair! . . .

And they shall walk with Me in white.'

T. M."

Mr. Albert A. Head wrote September 11, 1900:

"It was so good of you to write. I value your kind interest and thought. You have been so loving all along,

and I do remember those early days of love at the Fires—cold outside but so warm inside, and so cosy over the fire. The happy hours were most valuable, and the fellowship and the prayer, all so beautifully fresh to my hungry soul. All the beautiful beginnings of the "together life" with dear C——, and flowing on to the pattern which has made up our life till now, and will go on when we have all entered within the veil, and the eternal life is unfolded in all the glories of His likeness and His presence. 'And His servants shall serve Him, for they shall see His face.' And you have been such a link in it all. So joyous, so bright, so sunshiny, you have brought heaven when you came because you have brought Him."

The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor wrote from Davos, September 12, 1900 :

"I feel like congratulating you on being so near the abundant entrance to the everlasting kingdom of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ. I look back with much pleasure on the fellowship in Christ we have had together. It will be blessed to renew it when we meet in the presence of the King. Surely His glorious appearance cannot be long delayed, and there will be no more weariness or inability for service, and we shall rejoice together in the triumphs of our Head, and in the blessings His coming will bring to the whole creation. Your happy experience reminds me of a favourite hymn :

" 'Tho' faith and hope be often tried,
They ask not, seek not ought beside ;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee.

" 'They fear not Satan nor the grave,
They know Thee near and strong to save,
Nor fear to breast e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee.'

"May the light of His countenance continue unchanged until the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

Mr. Robert Chapman, 9, New Buildings, Barnstable, wrote September 14, 1900 :

"Beloved in Christ,

"To see your handwriting cheers me. Surely our God and Father is giving you the much-needed comfort of fellowship in the Spirit with Himself in Christ Jesus, who ever liveth to make intercession for us. How deep the counsels of our God, the only wise !!! That you and your dear aged mother should be thus together in the *furnace* of trial. But we can say, being taught of God, our best is before us. 'We know that when HE shall appear we shall be like HIM, for we shall see HIM as HE (now) is.'"

Mr. Theodore Howard wrote September 29, 1900:

"I received a letter from you the other day, most unexpected, and containing news which makes your friends sad, although it gives you joy. Your letter just—

"'Gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the stream of time.'"

and to exclaim, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' He has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light. *Now* you live a life that is eternal, and in Him immortality is assured, and having access by faith into that grace wherein you stand, you rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And these things are not mere articles of faith; they are living, practical, every-day realities to you, and you live and move and have your being in the power of them; blessed be God! It has always been a pleasure to me to have from time to time

a little wayside chat with you, and to exchange greetings 'in Christ' on the way to the *Home* above. The hope, and sight, and expectation of that *Home* so sweet to your taste and foretaste. A blessed hope *full of immortality*. We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. Till then your joy no man taketh from you. I like practical illustrations of truth, and by the grace of God I see them in you, the reality of the *love of Christ*; of the *hope of the Gospel*; of the *comfort of the Holy Ghost*; of the *presence of God* which *passeth all understanding*; of that hope which is an *anchor to your soul sure and steadfast*; of the *joy of the Lord* which is your strength. To Him be the glory, who has lighted your candle and keeps it brightly shining. To Him we commend you in loving sympathy, to Him we give thanks for the manifestation of His grace to you, and we pray that He may keep you from suffering and weariness, and in His own blessed time give you an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom."

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS WERE ADDRESSED TO ME.

Lady Low wrote September 11, 1900 :

"How soon she is leaving us, that bright and beautiful spirit, fit company indeed for the saints in light. She always shed light around her, brave, beautiful, kindly nature, which to know was to love. I *do* love her, and have felt for her always not only love, but the grateful admiration that the lesser soul would feel to the greater, the intense tender gratitude that is welling up within my heart now and filling my eyes so that it is almost impossible to write coherently. But what *could* I write in answer to those beautiful and touching words? What but to tell her and those who to her are nearest and dearest, how gratefully and tenderly and reverently I love her, how unworthy I feel of the sweet kindness which has moved her to re-

member me at such a time. How dearly I shall cherish her memory till we meet again ! ”

Miss Charlotte Murray wrote September 12, 1900 :

“ It really is beautiful to hear of such a radiant, and yet gentle translation into Glory ! ”

Mr. Nathan, a fellow-labourer in Morocco, wrote September 6, 1900 :

“ It was indeed a severe shock to hear of the serious illness of one whom I have learned to regard so highly as your dear aunt. It has been a source of much blessing to me and encouragement to have fellowship with Miss Hanbury in the work on behalf of Morocco's multitudes. Her devotion to the Moors and labours of love and philanthropy *there* are known from the shores of Tangier Bay to the sealed gates of Tarndant. ”

Visits received from some of her much-valued friends, were a great joy to her, and she deeply appreciated the kindness of those who had to make time in the midst of exceedingly busy lives to come and see her, such as Revs. E. W. Moore, F. B. Meyer, H. B. Macartney, Wilson Carlile, Mr. E. Whymper, Dr. Baedeker, and her cousin, Sir Thomas Sanderson. The Dowager Countess of Erroll and Lady Sarah Sladen, besides her cousins, Sylvanus and Sarah Fox, were among her latest and much-loved visitors, and more than one said how that hallowed room, and communion with her bright spirit, seemed to them as the very gate of heaven.

She also enjoyed visits from her nephews and nieces, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hanbury, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hildred Carlile, etc. ; and during the early part of her illness she shared with all the family the deep anxiety for the safety of her dearly loved niece, Mrs. Wilson, who with her husband, Dr. William Wilson, and children, was in the interior

of China, whilst constant reports of massacre and murder were reaching us. It was an immense relief when a telegram brought the joyful news that they had arrived safely in Shanghai; and this was quickly followed by another, saying they were all coming home.

At that time the dear sick one was so bright, we hoped she might live to see the travellers; but this was not to be, as they arrived on Saturday, October 27, five days after the Home-call came.

It is also interesting to know that among her valued and honoured friends was Sir Ernest Satow, who took a kind interest in her work in Morocco when he was the British Minister in that country; and he was one of her latest visitors at Richmond before her illness, ere starting for China to take up his responsible position in Peking.

Her mornings were generally occupied in dictating the reminiscences of her past life, and it was often absorbingly interesting as the scenes and incidents of long ago, in other lands, came vividly before her, enabling her thus to live two lives—the present confined to a chair in one room; but the other filling the mind with bright recollections of places and people and work in the past—so that all thought of monotony was excluded.

At the end of five weeks my sister Charlotte (at this time home on furlough from her mission work in India) took my place in the sick-room, and I returned to my own home, but came over for the day as often as possible to continue our writing. This was finished on Friday, October 19, when it was very evident that her strength was rapidly decreasing, and the breathing becoming more difficult. Before leaving her, I gave her a message of loving sympathy from my husband, and she said in her cheery way, "Oh, give him much love, and tell him it's all right; we look on to what is before, all the glorious things just on before."

These were her last words to me. On Sunday she was

worse, though even then still able to join in prayer with my dear father and sister, as she had done each Sunday evening throughout her illness. The nurse said she had a rather restless night ; but when the doctor came about 8.30 on Monday morning, October 22, and asked how she was, she said, " Pretty well, pretty well," and told him she had had a good night. There was evidently no consciousness of pain or special discomfort. Soon after he had left, Nurse noticed a change, and called my father and sister, who sat watching the gentle breathing till it ceased—they scarcely knew when—and her happy spirit was free from all the suffering and trammels of earth—"absent from the body, and present with the Lord." A telegram telling me she was worse was not in time for me to be with her at the end ; but we had so long lived on the Borderland together, thinking and talking of the Home beyond and the joy of being "with Christ," that it seemed quite natural to picture her there, and give thanks that the weariness and weakness were over, and that she had been kept free from pain to the end.

All her life, from her twelfth birthday, she had taken the will of God to be utterly her own, and to the last she proved indeed how "good and acceptable and perfect" is His will. He had given her richly all her best desires, and wonderfully spared the suffering that might have been.

He had caused her "to lie down" at last.

As we looked on the loved face a few hours later, such a beautiful expression of peace and rest was there : one almost expected the eyes to open and the lips to speak again. But we must wait for her next word till we meet her in the Glory, where her "walk and her talk are with the King, every day, even all the days of eternity."

XV

CONCLUSION

WHEN we turned away from the sacred room, the first thought was of the dear mother ; but I waited for her best time—after her tea—to break the news to her. Her blindness and deafness required my making known my presence by her bedside, and she at once asked, “How is my dear Charlotte?” I said, “Would you not like to know that she is at rest, and free from all suffering and weakness?” She squeezed my hand, saying, “Is she gone?” I replied, “Yes, she is, but we must think of her joy and blessedness ; and, as she so perfectly accepted God’s will as the very best, we must do the same—and I know you will.” She gave a little cry of grief, exclaiming, “Oh, how can I exist without her !” I reminded her that it could not be long before she would join her in the heavenly Home, and she replied with deepest feeling, “No, it *can’t* be long ; it *must* be very soon.” Her thoughts thus turned at once to the prospect of a joyful reunion, and she added, “I think it has been a very happy life, and a useful one too.” Then, putting her hands together, she said aloud, “Oh, Lord, I do thank Thee for all Thy goodness to my precious child, and that she is free from all suffering and is at rest.” This peaceful acquiescence has continued, and the dear mother of 107 lives in the expectation of soon meeting her dear child—“gone but for an hour.”

At the first beginning of my aunt’s illness, she wrote a

little note to my husband expressing her wishes in connection with her burial, and it is so characteristic of her bright view of death, and her thoughtfulness for others, that I will give it here.

“ DYNEVOR HOUSE,

“ RICHMOND HILL,

“ SURREY.

“ August 5, 1900.

“ MY DEAR ALBERT,

“ Most warmly thankful to you for your treasured letter. I want to say a word to you only, well knowing I cannot, and we cannot, know how long or short before the end, or what a day may bring forth. It will be the very best. But when the Home-going is, I want to say with more than common emphasis—‘by desire’—no flowers; also no bell tolling. No, certainly. Also I would much wish a Church of England occasion, and all the simplest, nearest, easiest for the dear ones here. Let us see light and joy and peace, and truly heaven opened to all believers, and He our heavenly Father and Christ our Lord with us and we with Him. Surely He is seeing it is all well—all opening out His eternity with Himself!

“ Very lovingly yours,

“ CH. HANBURY.”

The funeral was at Highgate Cemetery, where she was laid to rest in my father's family grave, on Thursday, October 25. The simple service was conducted by the Rev. E. W. Moore, who gave a beautiful little address

in the chapel, on "Beauty for ashes," some notes of which are added.

"BEAUTY FOR ASHES"

(Isaiah lxi. 3.)

What a blessed exchange ! Can we hesitate to make it ourselves, or mourn over those by whom the offer has been accepted ? It is Christ's message of peace to us, and carries within it a sure and blessed hope of everlasting life to those who love Him.

In this passage Christ stands revealed in His office of Comforter. The world needs comfort : "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." The Gospel of Christ is a Gospel of comfort ; it would be no Gospel if it were not. How remarkable that our Triune God should be revealed as the Comforter of His people ! God the Father is the "God of all comfort" ; Christ is the "Consolation of Israel" ; and the tenderest title of the Holy Spirit is that of "Comforter."

We are needing comfort to-day as we mourn the loss of one so deeply loved and valued as she who has gone from us. But we may well be comforted when we reflect upon the blessed exchange that she has made of earth for heaven, and think of her now as having joined the ranks of the glorified above.

What do we understand by the expression, "Beauty for ashes" ? The first interpretation we would give of it is *Pardon for the Sinner*. Ashes upon the head or sitting in ashes, as we know, is in Scripture frequently referred to as a token of humiliation on account of sin. Eastern people are very demonstrative in all their ways ; their outward actions, and even dress, often express the inner feelings of the soul. And so we find it written of the king of Nineveh on his repentance that he "sat in ashes" (Jonah iii. 6) ; and of Job, when convicted of his sin, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear ; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in

dust and ashes." The first note in Christ's message of comfort is pardon for the penitent. Long since our dear friend who is taken from us had proved the reality of this forgiveness ; she had been clothed in Christ's righteousness, in the beauty which He had put upon her, comely in His comeliness.

But the symbol of ashes in Scripture is used sometimes not merely as a token of sorrow for sin, but as a badge of humiliation under defeat. You find in 1 Samuel iv., when Israel had suffered such terrible reverses at the hands of the Philistines, that a man came running out of the army with his clothes rent and earth upon his head to indicate shame and defeat. Is there an exchange not only for the sinner but also for the saint ? I think there is. This message of "Beauty for ashes" has in it a thought of *Power for the Servant*. It has been pointed out that the word translated here "beauty" is the same as that which in the book of Exodus is translated "mitre" the headdress of the priests for glory and beauty. This headdress was a token of the priest's office ; it was his official headdress to indicate that he was discharging priestly functions. Now, if a Christian, instead of exercising his priestly office in prayer and praise, is compelled, as it were, to put ashes upon his head in token of defeat, does not such an one need this blessed exchange of "beauty for ashes" ? Surely he does. It points to a change in spiritual experience from defeat to victory, a change from weakness to power, from spiritual deadness and loss to usefulness and joy. And this is what Christ offers to bestow ; and it was this exchange of "Beauty for ashes" that our dear friend who is gone from us so signally experienced in her own life. Few more useful, blessed lives have been lived than hers. It might truly be said of her that she was "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Whether at home or abroad, whether in the dungeons of Morocco or in the high Alps of Switzerland, or in the quiet, faithful

duties of home, her life was ever lived for the glory of God and for the blessing of those around her. Her character might be described as almost unique ; all her ways and work had the stamp of an originality that was quite her own, and we may truthfully say that we can hardly expect to look upon her like again. She had a wonderful sympathy for all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, a sympathy not hindered by any of the barriers that so often separate Christians from Christians. She worshipped at the Church of All Saints ; wherever Christ was truly honoured there she was at home.

And, lastly, there is in this image the thought of *Paradise for the Saint*. We are about to commit her body to the ground—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—but we know that her glorified spirit is clothed in a beauty not its own, and that one day the body of weakness and humiliation shall be exchanged for that glorified body which Christ will yet bestow.

“When in dust and ashes, to the grave I sink,
While heaven’s glory flashes, o’er the shelving brink ;
On Thy truth relying, through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying, to eternal life.”

She has entered into peace ; “she rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.” She has left behind her a memory to cherish and an example to inspire. Amen.

From among the many letters received, a few quotations may be interesting.

The Dowager Lady Buxton, Colne House, Cromer, wrote October 23, 1900 :

“So dear Charlotte has passed away to the Home above, to which she has looked with such peace and happiness, desiring all the way to be serving God and furthering the knowledge of His will. She has left an example to stimulate many.

228 CHARLOTTE HANBURY

"I expect her dear mother is living more the heavenly than the earthly life, and in that finding peace. But my love goes forth for her."

Rev. E. W. Moore, Wimbledon, wrote October 24 :

"I feel deep sympathy with you in your great loss, and yet thankfulness for so truly blessed a close to dear Miss Hanbury's Christlike and beautiful life. I can only say she was absolutely unique : I have never seen any one I think so truly original in all her thoughts and ways, and very seldom any one in whom the life of our Lord was so unvaryingly discernible. She has gone in to see the King, and is satisfied."

Mrs. H. W. Maynard (who has visited Morocco) wrote :

"I can hardly *believe* the news in your letter. How sudden, and how glorious for *her*, to have suffered her last pang, and to have received such a triumphant welcome as we know she must have had . . . Oh ! for some one to follow in your dear one's steps of service for those poor prisoners and Mohammedans. What a loss to that dark land she will be ! *How* she is loved there ! and how fragrant her memory will ever be there ! May her blessed example stimulate us when inclined to faint and be weary in well doing."

Mrs. May, Tottenham, wrote :

"I am very thankful that the end was so peaceful and free from pain. It was so like her to make the best of everything and consider everybody round her more than herself. She was indeed a beautiful character, and one felt in her presence how unmovably her heart was fixed on things above and not on things of this world."

Dr. Henry Soltau wrote October 26, 1900 :

"I have just heard of the Home-going of dear Miss Charlotte Hanbury. What a loss she will be to you all, and to a wide circle of the Lord's children! I remember her since I was a boy, staying on the Blackdown Hills; her kindness, unselfishness and humility. And she has always been the same—ever,

"'With a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.'"

Mrs. Gribble (*née* Soltau) wrote November 1, 1900 :

"My first recollections of dear Miss Hanbury are when my parents were alive, and we all lodged somewhere on the Blackdown Hills one summer, and we young people were perfectly charmed with her. She was so intensely kind to us all, and to be with her was a *great* delight. Her conversation was so unlike that of most people—always so interesting, refreshing, and helpful. I was not well, I remember, and she was so kind in taking me with others for long drives in that pony carriage of hers . . . What a wide circle her life touched! How many will greet her in heaven to whom she has been a blessing! I think she must have had truly a 'choral entrance' there."

Mrs. Tuckett (a cousin) wrote November 2, 1900 :

"I always loved and admired Charlotte so much, and her sunshine and sweet spirit were so uplifting that it is sad for all she has left behind to lose her sunny presence; but for *her* we must rejoice that she is with her loving Saviour. 'Though dead she yet speaketh,' and her example will live on, and should stimulate us all to be of good cheer at all times and to realize more and more how perfect God's will is, which is the secret of peace and trust and joy. I

read this extract yesterday which reminds me so of the secret of her influence that I feel I must send it you :

“‘For every good deed of ours the world will be better always, and perhaps no day does a man walk down a street cheerfully and like a child of God without some passengers being brightened by his face, and, unknowingly to himself, catching from its look a something of religion.’”

Mr. W. T. H. Brealey wrote October 29 :

“Can we grieve or feel sad ? For her sake we can and do rejoice in her joy, and can only praise God for such a lovely life of earnest consecration. It will always be to me one of my highest privileges to have known her and to have been in any way associated with her in the work of the Lord on the Hills. Her influence has been very powerful and very far-reaching. Blackdown Hills, Brittany, Morocco, Germany, and many another place had shared in her prayers and interest. These will treasure her memory as a sacred inspiration. Would that her mantle may fall on *many* who shall follow her Lord and Master as she so faithfully did.”

Miss M. C. Rawling, Clayhidon, wrote October 25, 1900 :

“How blessed the exchange from that weary, constant sitting to the blessed Home above ! ‘No more fatigue, no more distress, no sin nor grief can reach *that* place.’ But when Jesus comes, how many will meet dear Miss Hanbury there, whom but for her, under God, would *never* have known the way thither ! A beautiful life truly, and also a fruitful one, to the praise of Him who wrought it all *in* and *by* His child. May we follow her as she followed Christ.”

A former servant who lived many years at the Firs till she married, wrote :

CONCLUSION

231

"While I live I shall *never, never* forget what her life and dear Mrs. Hanbury's have meant to me, more especially the latter years. I have always been able to look back on the thirteen years I was with them as a time of real blessing to me in my Christian life. I have many times said I never knew her or dear Mrs. Hanbury speak cross or unkind to me or any one all the time I was with them; that in my case I can most truly say that, 'she being dead yet speaketh,' and eternity alone will show to how many others she has been a blessing also."

Mr. W. Spencer Walton wrote, Durban, Natal, November 21, 1900 :

"So dear Miss Hanbury is promoted, and the dear aged mother left a little longer to witness in her quiet beautiful way. My special love and sympathy to her. My visit to the 'Firs' I can never forget. The quiet of that home, its sanctity! It was a real Bethany."

And again, December 28 :

"Miss Hanbury was a gem of the first water, and a woman of great power. She knew God better than the majority of Christians, and was very dear to Him. God raise up many more."

Lady Kirby Green, Tangier, wrote October 31, 1900 :

"I never met a sweeter or more gentle character. She always looked so pleased and happy that one was cheered at being near her. I shall greatly miss her dear kind words of comfort, and *many* are mourning her loss in this part of Morocco. The day after the newspapers brought us the sad news, I passed through the Soko (market place outside the town walls) and met Mohamed, the keeper of dear Miss Hanbury's Room of Refuge, and he told me with

tears in his eyes that many were weeping their loss. This afternoon an Arab asked me for some quinine of the good Lady's. I told him that she was gone, but that her good work would still go on, as she loved the poor Moors, and thought of them in her dying minutes."

Her faithful helper in Morocco for six years, Mr. Lutaif, a Syrian, wrote on hearing of her illness, Omdurman, Sudan :

"I had the pleasure and honour to work under her and be thrown in with her during six years, and I always found her the same—godly, happy, cheery, and most devoted. I always felt the power of her upright Christian character, and her good example was a great stimulant to me. Her power of enduring hardship and fatigue, her perseverance and indefatigable energy and zeal, were wonderful. I have seen her, when we were surrounded by twelve brigands in the Gorge of the Olive Tree, as cool as if she was walking on the beach in Tangier. Perhaps she never said anything about this to you at home . . . All her Moorish friends—and she had many of them—will be very sorry to hear of her illness. She has done indeed very good work in Morocco in both the prisons and in the Moorish Room."

And again, Omdurman, Sudan, December 17, 1900 :

"I am exceedingly and very sorry to hear of the death of dear Miss Hanbury. It is a great blow to me. I feel as if I lost my best and dearest friend ; and it is so much more touching because it came unexpectedly ; but great misfortunes and calamities always come unexpectedly. Yet it is a great blessing to know that she passed away so quietly, so angel-like, and without any pain. I always thought that that wonderful vitality of hers would enable her to live for

a hundred years. I never heard her complaining of anything whatever, never heard her saying 'I am tired'; always she had strength and energy to do any amount of work. And to think of her passing away so suddenly and so unexpectedly, it is very hard indeed. I always hoped to see her again; but now I have to look to her new and better home, 'the mansion up on high,' to meet her. I feel as if I need some one to feel with me and sympathize with me in this great bereavement, and at the same time I beg to offer you all my heartfelt condolence and sympathy . . . She lived nobly and died nobly, and her memory and name will live for ever."

A Shereef in Morocco wrote as follows to Mr. Gurney, November 17, 1900 :

"I am very much obliged to you for your great kindness in writing to me, and when I heard that Miss Hanbury was dead, I felt extremely sorry, and was only thinking of her, and could not eat anything. She was very kind to me, and I loved her like my mother."

A lady missionary in Morocco wrote :

"I shall never forget her nor her sweet, cheery manner, face and words. We do need more of such sunshiny, unselfish Christians in this world."

Mr. T. E. Zerbib, Mogador, wrote, November 12, 1900 :

"We were greatly distressed to hear of the death of dear Miss Hanbury. It is a loss for the poor unhappy prisoners, and it is a loss for her friends . . . Yes, she gained the respect and affection of us all. She was a humble and modest servant of the Lord. She is now with Him whom she served with so much love—she is indeed happy."

Rev. H. B. Macartney sends the following tribute :

"It was on Wednesday, June 19, 1878, that I first met Miss Charlotte Hanbury. The time was that of 'Mild-may,' and the house that of her niece, Mrs. Albert Head. I have never forgotten. She had then the glow of health, the vigour of womanhood at its prime, with all the added lustre of a holy life. In Australia I had often used George Brealey's tracts, and on finding out that he was her man we became friends at once, and she invited me to go with her later on to see Robert Chapman of Barnstaple, and George Müller's Orphanages at Bristol. Both these visits came off to my exceeding profit during the snows of the next December, and after my return to Victoria we became correspondents. Her style, like her handwriting and her speech, was unlike anybody else's, but was always full of point and emphasis and rang like true metal. When I revisited England in 1893, we met again, and this time her field was wider than the Blackdown Hills: she had caught fire about Morocco, its people and its prisons; she had been to see them herself, and was going again, and her heart had grown just so much bigger in her care for the great big Continent.

"Lastly, I saw her in the room of death, ready *not* to go any more to Morocco—ready to enter the Glory. It was a calm, sweet sunset. Truly hers was a great, warm heart, kept warm by sympathy with man, and great by fellowship with God."

Miss E. Boyd Bayly wrote :

"I shall ever be grateful for having had the privilege of reading your dear aunt's private journals. No extracts can give any idea of the depth of spiritual experience they reveal. What most struck me was the intense humanity in it, and the utter confidence with which she trusted each

human longing and agony to God. And how He honoured her trust, in the least needs and the greatest ! She was like a schoolboy in her absolute necessity for exercise, frolic and fun ; and when the staid duties of life pressed a little hard upon her, she looked up to the heavenly Father, and He gave her some outlet—some friend, to scamper with, or duty that took her out upon long rounds. Most beautiful was the subject spirit in which she waited His leadings, instead of breaking open a way for herself. As instances of small and great :—in full womanhood, after her accident on horseback at Hastings, she would not ride again, even when away from home, until she knew that her father was willing, though longing for the pleasure. And when, at about sixty, the needs of Morocco called her, and the longing to go was as a burning fire, she prayed that if she ought to go, the ‘leading’ might be found in the willing consent of *all* (this included the generation below her, as well as above) ‘that they may rather push me into it.’ And they did. Her whole life illustrates the saying of her friend Robert Chapman, ‘I do everything I can to please God, and He does everything He can to please me.’

“It was a life possible only to one born to a long heritage of faith towards God and goodwill to men. Almost all whom she dearly loved were of one mind with her ; and where all sought the will of God, there could be no serious clashing with one another. But one of her strongest traits was the courage with which she stood by her friends who had incurred blame and discredit, even when she thought them wrong, willing to lose credit herself rather than cool towards them, when the world looked down on them. In this, emphatically, she trod in the steps of her honoured parents,—parents who trained her not only for the skies—for bringing down as much of heaven to the earth as mortal hands well might.

“Yet the ‘Earthly Paradise’ was denied her, and there

was a time when her great heart suffered greatly, rich though she was in other love and joy. This also she entrusted to our Father's hand, and the voice of her saddest hours still was :

“‘When I come with throbbing heart,
Jesus bids me not depart,
Till He stills it.’

“ He was her portion here,—a worthy portion ; and now
He is Himself her exceeding great reward.”

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